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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXX. No. 801. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1921. TWOPENCE.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Monsieur's EGYPTIAN "ELEVE" Cigarettes

Have all the subtlety & charm of cigarette tobacco manufactured in Egypt.

20 for 1/-

B. Morris & Sons, Ltd., London.

A PERIL to the PRINCE

GREATEST OF ALL FOOT TREATMENTS

FOR SORE, TIRED, TENDER FEET

When they ache, burn, smart, swell, itch and blister.

IS ALL YOU NEED

HOW TO PREPARE OXYGENATED WATER.

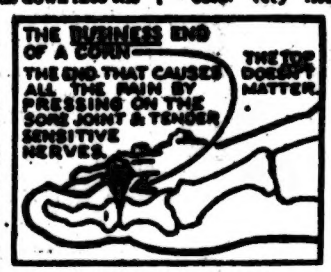
Dissolve a heaping tablespoonful of refined Reudel Bath Saltrates in a gallon of water. This will make a highly medicated and oxygenated foot-bath, reproducing the soothing, healing and antiseptic qualities of the waters of famous Continental Spas. Actors, actresses, dancers, soldiers, boxers and others to whom sound, healthy feet are an absolute necessity, say saltrated water offers the one quick, safe, convenient, and never-failing means of permanently curing any form of foot misery.

HOW TO TAKE CORNS OUT SO THEY DON'T COME BACK

"When sore, tired, tender feet ache like wisdom teeth, and when callouses, smarting, burning, chafing, excessive perspiration or other foot afflictions make life miserable, just soak your feet in saltrated water, prepared as explained below, and then see how quickly you can bid all the torture a final good-bye," says

C. S. TURNER (formerly of the R.A.M.C.).

Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc., doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning. Also it hurts and the root just sprouts right up again so your corn soon has a brand new top on it, bigger than ever. The top is only dead skin, anyway. The business end of a corn is the little pointed part, or core, that extends down into the toe. That is what hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves and is the part you have to get out. Cutting the top off an aching tooth wouldn't stop the ache. Same way with a corn. Don't worry about the top. Get after the root by using a good handful of refined *Reudel Bath Saltrates*, dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water. I just soaked my feet in this for awhile, then took hold of the corn with my fingers, and out it came, root and all, like the hull comes out of a strawberry. Only a little hole or depression was left in the toe and that soon closed, so there was nothing left in there to sprout a new corn again. It didn't affect the surrounding flesh at all, but soon softened the whole of the corn. No burning or soreness, no pain, no danger, no trouble, and no days of waiting to see whether that old corn is going to leave for good or stay with you indefinitely. Soften callouses the same way, then scrape off, and I don't dare tell you how quick this saltrated medicated water will drive aches, chafes, blisters, excessive perspiration, etc., or even rheumatic pains away. It would sound too good to be true; but many soldiers can tell you what wonderful stuff 'saltrated' water is. The refined *Reudel Bath Saltrates* compound costs very little, and any chemist would have it. A half-pound or so will be sufficient to make several gallons of the medicated water, and rid the whole family of foot troubles.


THE BUSINESS END OF A CORN
THE END THAT CAUSES ALL THE PAIN BY PRESSING ON THE SORE JOINT & TENDER SENSITIVE NERVES.
THE TOP DOESN'T MATTER.

NOTE.—A well-known chemist when shown the above said: The "*Reudel Bath Saltrates*" referred to is a remarkably efficient compound of pure refined mineral salts. This produces medicated and oxygenated water similar to that found at famous hot medicated springs, the ingredients of the natural waters, of course, having been exactly ascertained by analysis. 'Saltrated' water acts upon dead, calloused, hardened and 'corny' skin (in which there is no blood circulation) by dissolving and extracting the oil or sebaceous matter therefrom. This leaves the skin soft and 'pulpy' so it is easily picked out or scraped off. The water, when medicated in this way, has no effect whatever upon sound and healthy skin."

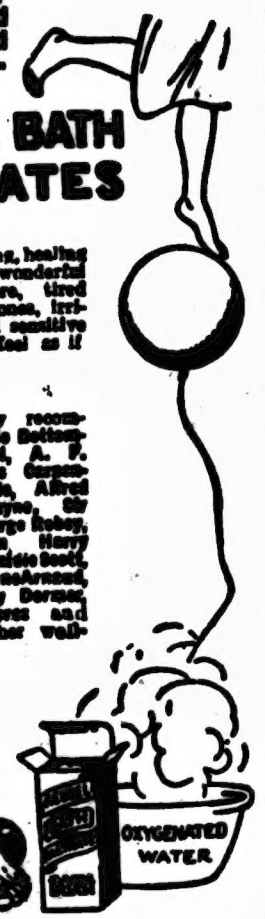
REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

can be obtained from any chemist, Price 2/- and 3/3 (double size). Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every user, or MONEY BACK IN FULL IMMEDIATELY AND WITHOUT QUESTION. Saltrates Ltd., 214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

MAKES FEET AS IF WALKING ON AIR

Rest your feet in the highly medicated and oxygenated water produced by

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES



Refreshing, soothing, healing and antiseptic, its wonderful effects upon sore, tired muscles, aching bones, irritated nerves and sensitive skin make you feel as if walking on air.

Used and highly recommended by Horatio Bottomley, Eugene Corri, A. P. Bettinson, George Carpentier, Jimmy Wilde, Alfred Shrubb, Tom Payne, Sir Harry Lauder, George Robey, Phyllis Monkman, Harry Pilcer, Lee White, Violet Loraine, Yvonne Arnaud, Betty King, Daisy Dormer, May Moore Duprez and hundreds of other well-known people.

20/- for 25

(CARRIAGE PAID) DAYS.

Magnificent Response to Magnificent Offer

SARTOR RAINCOATS

For ONE POUND, CARRIAGE PAID, During Next 25 DAYS ONLY.

25 DAYS only remain in which to secure your SARTOR RAINCOAT for One Pound, carriage paid. Already the response has been enormous.

This Offer refers to the genuine Sartor Weather-proof tailored to your Measure from fine-proofed Gabardine Cloth with warm check lining. Cut, style, finish, and quality are absolutely Guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY.—Write (a Postcard will do) for Free Patterns, Style Book (Ladies', Gents', Maids' & Youths') & Home Measurement Form.

If you are not absolutely delighted with the Coat in every respect, we will return your money in full.

Write To-Day—

THE SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.

(Dept. J), 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

The Rev. A. A. Williams, M.A., Northallerton, writes (unsolicited)—

"They outwear any three others"

Phillips Rubbers

The Soles that last the time of three.

Health and energy back again

Hall's Wine quickly restores the "fit for anything" feeling which makes life a joy to you. It does you good in a natural way—enriches the blood, strengthens the nerves, tones up the whole system, thus restoring health and energy—and the good it does is lasting.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

A doctor writes: "It is impossible to take Hall's Wine without being benefited."

A patient writing of Hall's Wine says: 'My wife and self have derived wonderful and lasting benefits from it, both as a tonic and a pick-me-up."

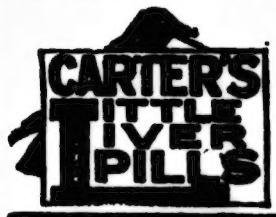
Buy a Bottle To-day.

Large Size, 6/-. Smaller Size, 3/3.

Of Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LOND N, E. 3. 164

What to Take for Disordered Stomach



Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. You will relish your meals without fear of trouble to follow. Millions of all ages take them for Biliousness, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Upset Stomach and for Sallow, Pimply, Blotchy Skin. ***They end the misery of Constipation.***

Genuine bear signature— *Bentford* **Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price**

Here it is!

Just what you have been looking for in a cigarette case. It contains everything a cigarette smoker is likely to need. Holds 10 cigarettes, a 9-carat gold-mounted holder, and has pockets for matches, visiting cards and stamps, also an ingenious device for lifting up the cigarettes.

It is strongly made over a metal frame in various kinds of leather, which makes it a really handsome case, and instantly suggests itself as an ideal present.

Prices are:

	To hold 10	To hold 16
Sheep Skin	9/9	12/-
Velvet Hide	10/9	12/6
Velvet Calf	11/6	13/9
Morocco	12/-	14/3
Pig Skin	12/6	14/9
Croc. Grain	—	13/6

Cash with Order.

We pay postage and refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

Leeds Novelty Co.

4, J.B., Duncan Street, LEEDS.

TWEED COAT from JOHN NOBLE'S

20/- Here is the biggest bargain of the Autumn, one that really will save you money. A typical offer from John Noble's, the house that has made the greatest offers for 50 years.

Stylish Tweed Coat

Model S.2768

This Coat is the "Masterpiece" for good value, excellent material, smart cut, and neat workmanship. Made in good, warm, up-to-date tweeds in Brown, Heather, and Grey Mixtures. Please note the convertible collar (as sketch) and useful pockets. Length 46 ins. In S.W., W., and O.S. sizes. Price only 20/- honestly worth 40/-

FREE

Send for copy of New Bargain Catalogue of Fashions and Household Drapery and particulars of John Noble Gifts of beautiful pictures. Write now.

Send to John Noble's.

JOHN NOBLE LTD.

(Dept. 35)

Brook St. Mills, Manchester.

STYLISH SUITS IN FEW DAYS you can be wearing as Smart and Reliable a **EASY TERMS**

Suit as you can obtain anywhere—on convenient terms—if you order at once. Made of first-class guaranteed Indigo Blue serge, this suit is really remarkable value at the price of 90s. Our new bunch of patterns shows a range of the best and most reasonably priced serges in the Trade to-day (up to 8 guineas). The slump in the price of wool has enabled us to make this wonderful offer. To handle this cloth is to realise its excellence.

As to our tailoring, you will have some idea of its high quality if you look over our style booklet which has been compiled by one of the foremost Artists in the West End of London; in fact, there are few productions to equal it.

You may think however, that measuring yourself is a stumbling block. It is not! By means of our specially designed and unique self-measurement form, anyone, no matter who, can be measured in the quiet of his own home quite as accurately as though an expert tailor had put the tape round him.

Now, whilst our business is conducted primarily on an "Easy Terms" basis, our prices are so engagingly low that we have no doubt that many will be attracted who would rather pay cash. In that case we allow a 10 per cent. discount (2s. in the £). Think of it—a blue serge suit cut on the most fashionable lines for 81s.

A postcard will bring you all particulars.

WE GUARANTEE TO SATISFY OR REFUND YOUR DEPOSIT.

Send your P.C. to-day, to CAMPBELL'S DEPT. 30 135, OXFORD ST. GLASGOW

5/- WEEKLY

ANÆMIA'S DEADLY GRIP.

Woman's Greatest Peril Overcome by Dr Williams' Pink Pills.

"Three years ago I was a physical wreck," said Mrs. M. Mayers, of 16, Old Road, Skewen, Neath, South Wales, recently. "My trouble was simply lack of blood, but it was chronic. I was prostrated continually with splitting headaches, my limbs were continually aching, and at times I really did not know what to do with myself.

"The doctor prescribed various medicines, but I gradually declined until I could hardly leave my couch. I was afraid to look at myself in the glass as I was really like a living skeleton.

"At last a friend advised me to take Dr. Williams' pink pills. Soon after commencing the pills I felt some benefit. As I continued with the pills the benefit became more apparent. The dizziness began to pass away, my awful headaches got fewer, and soon a colour crept into my cheeks.

"Naturally I persevered, and very soon I was in what was to me a new world. I am now as strong as a pony, and I ascribe it all to Dr. Williams' pink pills."

If you are not fit, Dr. Williams' pink pills will help you to health. For men and women too. From any dealer; or direct from address below, 3s. 0d. per box, post free.

FREE.—You can obtain a useful Health Guide free by sending a post card to Book Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1.

NESTLÉ'S MILO FOOD

A perfect Food for Children, Invalids, and Nursing Mothers.

Most of the patent foods on the market are quite unfit for a child's delicate stomach, which cannot digest starch or flour, except in small quantities, unless it has been changed into what is known as maltose and dextrin.

This change has taken place in the case of MILO FOOD, which is so prepared that it contains everything that a young child requires, in a form in which it can be easily digested. Milo Food is stocked by most Chemists, Grocers and Stores at cash price of 1/- and 2/- per tin.

Free Sample on application to

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C. 3.

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain, Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant: Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer, The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXX. No. 801. **Week ending Saturday, October 8th, 1921.** **Twopence.**

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

WARNING TO STREET SELLERS AND OTHERS:

Criminal proceedings having been instituted against Reuben Bigland, of Birmingham, the publisher of a pamphlet entitled "The Downfall of Horatio Bottomley, M.P.," street sellers and others are hereby warned that, in the event of their offering for sale or otherwise circulating copies of the said pamphlet, they will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

Parliament.

Contrary to general expectations, Parliament—which reassembles on October 18th—is likely to sit well on towards Christmas. You see, there is such a lot of talking to be done!

General Election Rumours.

The Government has acted wisely in scotching the rumour of an early General Election, although the denial is so worded as to suggest the possibility of a referendum on the Irish question. Still, it does not follow that the present Parliament will ever reassemble after the formal prorogation.

An Autumn Campaign.

We wish Ministers joy of their autumn tour of the country "to give an account of their stewardship." The Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds would be more appropriate! In any case, we predict that admission to the meetings will be "by ticket only."

Libelling the Editor.

Now that criminal proceedings have been commenced against the author of the pamphlet containing gross attacks upon the Editor, we must ask the many readers who have communicated with us to excuse any comment whilst such proceedings are pending. But we must warn them against forwarding any money to Bigland.

Irish Hopes.

We have never, as our readers know, been optimistic about the prospects of Irish peace; but we confess that the acceptance by Mr. de Valera of a Conference on a basis which excludes from the Agenda separation from the Empire, gives us just a ray of hope. But that is as far as we can at present go.

Doom of Pussyfoot.

The report of the Labour M.P.s who have recently visited America should finally "put the kibosh" on Mr. Pussyfoot. It will be interesting to see what Lady Astor and her friends have to say when Parliament reassembles.

Bravo! Hackney Mayor.

We rather like the spirit which prompted the Mayor of Hackney and his colleagues to beard the Premier in his Highland lair and to make him understand that Unemployment is quite as pressing a problem as that of Ireland—even if the workless men *have* abstained from outrage. Stick it, Mr. Mayor!

We Are—Four.

Last week's *Punch* contained a delightful cartoon representing a district visitor asking a mother, with child in arms, "What are you going to call it?" Whereupon the following colloquy ensues: "We thought, mum, of calling it 'Oratio."—"After Nelson, I suppose?" "Well, mum," comes the reply, "we was really thinking more of Mr. Bottomley." But what about our friend Cockles—to say nothing of Lord Kitchener?

YOU CAN WIN OUR £1,000 FOR ONLY TEN!

Fill up the Free Football Coupon on Page iii of Cover

'Bus Fares.

In view of the big drop in the price of petrol, and the further cut in the wages of the 'bus staffs, isn't it about time that the fares were reduced? What says Sir Eric?

False Economy

Surely the Government can find some better object for economising upon than in cutting down the contribution towards the supply of milk for infants and expectant and nursing mothers. After all, the item in itself is not large, whilst the imperative necessity of such nourishment is obvious.

Lord Beaverbrook's Ingenuousness.

Lord Beaverbrook is one of the shrewdest of men, but they have been "pulling his leg" in Germany—where he finds "splendidly-trained material for an improvised army," etc., etc., etc., in fact "a whole population openly or secretly arming *for a fratricidal struggle.*" We didn't know that we are the Huns' brothers!

Farrow's Bank.

It would be interesting to know how the realisation of the freehold and other valuable premises belonging to the bank is progressing. The Cheapside site alone ought to bring in a big sum—whilst most of the branch premises of the defunct institution occupy specially selected positions, eminently suitable for other banks.

Blackmail.

This abominable crime has been greatly on the increase during recent years, and we shall shortly have some sensational revelations to make concerning it.

Turkey and Greece.

The withdrawal of the Greek troops is by no means the great reverse it has been painted. It was simply one of those strategic moves which, during the Great War, the Generals of the Allied Armies were constantly indulging in.

Speaker Lowther's "Recollections."

The publication of the eagerly-awaited series of Reminiscences of the Chair, by Lord Ullswater (formerly Mr. Speaker Lowther) has at last commenced, and *Sunday Illustrated* is to be heartily congratulated upon what is undoubtedly the finest journalistic scoop of the season.

Mrs Hamilton's Swim.

Some remarkable facts and documents have been placed before us in connection with this much-discussed question, and we may have some interesting disclosures to make at an early date, exonerating the good lady from the imputations and suspicions which have been cast upon her.

German Goods.

We should like to be enlightened as to the meaning of the recent notice issued by the British Customs authorities respecting the exemption of German goods "not first consigned from Germany to the United Kingdom." Apparently all the Huns have to do is to fix up a bogus sale to a friendly firm in Holland, and then dump their manufactures here.

Paying by the Yard.

Lord Leverhulme's refusal to pay more than half the price agreed upon for a full-length portrait because in the end he was painted in a sitting posture, recalls a case in the Courts some years ago, when a patient disputed an eminent specialist's fee for an operation on the ground that the instrument used "was a very small one." "Would you have paid up if the surgeon had used a carving-knife?" asked the Judge.

Sacred Relics.

Do you know that you may obtain from the Crown Agents for the Colonies, 4, Millbank, London, S.W., for the price of 5s., a box containing a bottle of holy water from the River Jordan, a small sack of earth from Mount Moriah, a fragment of Roman pottery from the excavations at Ascalon, pressed flowers from the hills of Judea, and shells from the Lake of Galilee? *Deutschland* souvenirs must take a back seat!

Striking.

Through the recent strike at Gilbertson's steel and tinplate works at Pontardawe, Swansea Valley, an urgent order from Japan, which it is computed would have provided two years' employment for the whole of the mills, had to be refused. And yet there are hotheads who maintain that striking in such circumstances is a justifiable means to a good end. It becomes harder every day to accept this view.

The Profession.

The Actors' Association are circularising the Press with an appeal on behalf of an unfortunate actor fallen on evil times. While we are more than sorry for this poor fellow, it hardly seems consistent with the dignity of the Association that it should make such an appeal to outsiders. Surely there are highly paid members of the profession sufficiently imbued with charitable instincts to lend a helping hand.

Oh, the Language!

An unfortunate Tenbury reader tells us that he has been fined £5 and costs for swearing in his own house. He incautiously left his bedroom window open, and a policeman who happened to be in the vicinity and caught a whiff of his vernacular was so shocked that he made a case of it. It's a good thing all policemen are not so sensitive, or some of us would fare badly.

Better Than Doles.

The High Commissioner for New Zealand informs us that 16 per cent. of soldiers from there have been granted loans to establish them in business, for the purchase of tools of trade, household furniture, and so forth. In addition, considerable sums have been advanced to settle them on the land. "Only £5,300 was required for unemployment sustenance up to 31st May last." On this showing, New Zealand is lucky. But surely there is another side to the question?

Another "Scrap of Paper."

The Yorkshire Colliery Deputies are bemoaning the fact that the three months' wages due to them by virtue of the agreement they worked under during the strike remain unpaid. As a reader points out, by breaking this contract the coalowners are virtually placing themselves in the position of the Huns when they treated their obligations to Belgium as a "scrap of paper." It is not pleasant to think that any class of Englishmen can override an agreement with impunity.

Withholding a Reference.

For twenty-seven years James Mitchell, of Hallside, Lanarkshire, worked as a wagon labourer for the Caledonian Railway Company, for most of that period on night shift. Last March he was dismissed with "regret" and "owing to depression of trade," but, although he has always been known as a steady and sober man, and no complaint has ever been made against him, the Company refuse to give him a reference—with the result that he has been unable to get another job, the period of his "dole" has come to an end, he is 15 years too young to apply for Old Age Pension, and is in despair. This denial of a reference is gross injustice, and it is high time that the Character Note Bill—first introduced years ago—became law.

Innocence Defiled.

Two assaults on little girls recently occupied the attention of the Leicester City Magistrates. In one case, that of a labourer, a fine of five pounds was imposed, and in the other, the defendant being a boy of 14, the Bench expressed the pious hope that the father would chastise him. In neither instance was the punishment adequate. Prison for the man and the birch for the boy would, in our opinion, have been much more appropriate.

They Won't Wash.

As once or twice previously we have had occasion to suggest, the business methods of the Vacuum Washer Co., of Islington, Liverpool, won't wash. Another complaint now before us is that of a Brownhills (Walsall) man who forwarded payment, 19s. 6d., to them in October last in return for a machine. n July this year the Company began demanding payment by open postcard. Although informed that they had given their receipt for the money, they continued to bombard him with threats. Can't the Company understand that only fools pay debts twice?

"NOS!" What does it mean? Don't try and puzzle it out—read the cheery contribution by Will Scott in this week's "Passing Show."
ON SALE MONDAY.
2d.——everywhere.

Let Off Lightly.

A Kingsland woman, curiously enough named Gasson, tried to get gas on the cheap by unlawfully connecting her meter with a by-pipe. Pleading in Court that it was done in ignorance, she was fined 10s.—which, considering she got gas to the value of £11, might be aptly described as a "light" sentence. But supposing it had been some poor devil on the verge of starvation who had taken a few pence from a penny-in-the-slot meter, would she have got off so lightly? We take leave to doubt it.

Bold Bath Boys.

Bath schoolboys—curious to know why the City Council provided tennis courts and bowling greens for grown-ups and ignored the claims of juveniles to recreation grounds—took the bull by the horns and fired in a memorial. We are glad to say it met with a sympathetic reception. We are told that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. The next war may not be won on the recreation grounds of Bath, but if the youngsters win better health and bring more pleasure into their lives, no one will begrudge the results of their enterprise.

Recipe for Rogues.

Now that the football-coupon betting season is in full swing, weekly batches of complaints of defaulting footer "bookies" are coming in. The present betting laws are deliberately responsible for hundreds of cases of sheer and bare-faced robbery. A layer who takes a bet and does not pay, is *morally* as big a thief as a man who sells "rolled" gold as 22 carat. But the police will not assist in capturing him, nor will the Courts uphold the *moral* law by punishing him. When will the holy meddlers realise that the only gainers by their laws are the rogues!

Ever Been Had?

Seeing an advertisement in a popular weekly of a skin specialist's method for removing tattoo marks, a Bradford reader sent the fee, 2s. 8d. He received in reply particulars of a method which is not only as old as the hills, but which has been condemned by the Press times out of number. So annoyed was he at having been had that he at once penalised himself for his folly by sending us 2s. 6d. for our "Greatest of These" Fund. Truly a splendid way of kicking oneself.

Ipswich Corporation Horses Again!

A few days ago a horse belonging to the Ipswich Corporation was offered for sale in Ipswich Market. It had been stopped from working by an R.S.P.C.A. Inspector five weeks previously and was sold for £8. Nevertheless the Inspector condemned the poor beast and had it slaughtered. We believe the Corporation have since decided that in future no horses belonging to them shall be sold unless really fit for work. We are afraid that the inhumanity which has so long characterised the worn-out horse traffic will not be wholly stamped out until exported horses are subject to a tax.

The Crack of the Whip.

We have from time to time commented severely on the artificially high price of milk, and have hinted at possible measures to cope with this brazen profiteering. Apparently our nod has been more powerful than authority's wink, because the gods of the churn have hastened to avert trouble by conceding "summer" prices instead of the usual increased "winter" rates, for October at least. Under present conditions, and with abnormal summer profits, there should be no rise in price this side of Christmas. And another gentle hint to the Milk Barons—they had better see that there is not!

A "New" Shorthand.

Our old friend George Walpole, well known as Official Shorthand Writer at the Old Bailey Courts and elsewhere, has sent us a copy of his "Text-book of Shorthand." Printed on large paper, and handsomely produced, it is a really sumptuous little volume—a book-lover's and book-collector's book. This is not the place to deal with the merits of the system, but it is certainly worthy of note that the author presents facsimiles of actual official notes taken by him at the Old Bailey. This is "proof of the pudding" with a vengeance. And it is claimed for the system that it is based upon a principle outlined in a Greek manuscript of the fourth century B.C.!

Work or Waste?

Our constant hammering at the soul-destroying system of "money-for-nothing" which the dole method stands for, has produced results. All over England, from the Government downwards (or upwards), the demand is now becoming insistent that some return in labour must be made for issues in cash. But this healthy feeling has dangerous symptoms, and certain riverside jacks-in-office are suggesting clearing the Thames as suitable "work" in return for doles. It may be easier to punt or fish on a weeded river, and a clean Thames is preferable to a choked or muddy one, but there is more urgent and permanent work, and ratepayers should see that such is chosen when public funds are being expended.

Pretty and Clean—SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

After Mugs.

That evergreen perennial, the Spanish Prisoner, is bobbing up serenely once again. This time he writes from the Fortress of Sagunta, stating that he has a box containing £42,000 buried in Africa. Any mug sufficiently soft to contribute towards the expense of reclaiming the hidden treasure is promised a share of the spoils. We advise any reader who receives one of these communications to light his pipe with it. It is better to risk burning one's fingers that way than doing so by having truck with this hoary humbug.

Scotch.

In a Glasgow newspaper appears an advertisement announcing that a certain firm of accountants are "prepared to receive offers for the old-established business carried on by Mr. William Rodger, Licensed Grocer, Fort William. This is believed to be a good opening, especially in view of the Lochaber Water Bill having been passed." Mr. Rodger seems to have been badly advised. On the principle that rope should never be mentioned in the house of a hangman, so water should not be mentioned in connection with an old-established liquor licence.

M.C.C. at Sea.

Costers and vendors of greenery in Middlesex will have to mind their P's and Q's, for it is now an offence to sell the public plants or roots suffering from diseases such as "Eriosoma lanigerum Hausm," "Nygmia Phoeorrhoea Dan Euproctis chryssorrhoea," and a few more with equally unintelligible names. Having made themselves look foolish by issuing such a notice, perhaps the Middlesex C.C. will follow it up by an order forbidding housewives to give a pair of their husbands' old trousers for any plant thus affected. It would be a pity if anything was overlooked.

Justice at Southend.

The Southend Magistrates undoubtedly went home on a recent Monday evening highly pleased with their day's work, for they truly administered justice in the real Hun style to an individual named George Johnson, of no fixed abode, who was found by a police constable at 12.15 that morning in a shelter on the Marine Parade! He told the constable he had no friends and no home, and stated that he was starving—yet for this fearful offence the good Magistrates sentenced him to one month's imprisonment, with hard labour! All we can say is that some Magistrates are born just, some acquire justice, and others have no sense of proportion.

Gratitude.

Hearing that Messrs. Simmons & Co., of Tanner Street, Bermondsey, a firm of wholesale makers of children's and invalids' carriages, required men prepared to make themselves generally useful, a reader—ex-Service, with first-class references—put in for the job. The reply he got from the Principal was a gem: "I have no time really to be studying the requirements of all those men who are out of employment," he wrote. "Why don't you go and offer your services for nothing to someone while you are unemployed? They would soon value such industry and good will and would pay you what you are worth." Thus are ex-Service men insulted by creatures for whose very existence they fought.

Poverty for Piety.

Between now and Christmas, congregations will have time to think out the little difference between the Finance Committee of the National Assembly—who have decided to request Archbishops and Bishops to make special Christmas Day collections in the churches on behalf of the clergy—and Dr. de Salis, Bishop of Taunton. The Rev. Doctor strenuously argues that collections on that day should be devoted to the poor, as hitherto, but he was reminded at his own Diocesan Board of Finance that the clergy are in many cases poorer than the poor. And it is a shocking thing indeed to be poor as well as pious.

A Rector's Rue.

A case in point is that of the Rev. John Maurice Turner, who has the misfortune to be Rector of Akeley, near Buckingham. Mr. Turner received £170 a year. Rates have doubled during the past year, and now the local Bench of Magistrates have issued a distress warrant against his goods and chattels for non-payment of £7, the levy on his house, now rated at £70. We have heard of a village preacher—"a man he was to all the country dear, and passing rich with £40 a year"; but things were a lot cheaper in those days.

"Charlie" and "The Kid."

Don't fail to read the two features about these famous film actors in the October "Picturegoer." An exclusive interview with the five-year old *star*, Jackie Coogan, and a "Biographical Brevity" about Charlie Chaplin, throw new sidelights on both their wonderful personalities. The October "Picturegoer" is now on sale—get a copy to-day

The Picturegoer

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Life in Mars.

In 1924, when the conditions will be favourable for observation, with the aid of a giant telescope to be specially constructed, we are to learn definitely whether there are living beings in Mars. What consummate conceit on our part ever to have doubted it!

Dormice at the Home Office.

The Home Office may wake up one day to the fact that a letter was forwarded to them some weeks ago from Grimsby asking what should be done with a seaman, a Roumanian named George Daiscalu, who recently landed from Constantinople and was found wandering without means. Receiving no reply to the letter, the Grimsby Magistrate discharged him! These rag-tag and bob-tail aliens are continually drifting over here, and the Home Office sleeps on, refusing to be roused.

"At the Flood."

That tide in the affairs of men that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, is flowing for some "Bullets" competitor this week. The handy sum of £1,000 awaits an enterprising and persevering reader. Conditions could not be better for engaging in this competition. The clock has been put back one hour, and the evenings are longer by that much. Why not make the quiet of home and the comfort of fireside the setting for a contest of wits and happy thoughts? The First Prize of £1,000 *must* be won.

Corn-Cutting Peril.

TWO DEATHS FROM GANGRENE OF THE TOE.

Could have been avoided by Blue-jay

Inquests have been held in London on two persons who died from Gangrene set up by corn cutting.—(*Vide Daily Papers.*)

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STARTLING RAILWAY DANGERS.

TRAIN CRIMES MADE EASY THROUGH LACK OF ELEMENTARY SAFEGUARDS.

By W. CHARLES PILLEY (*Assistant Editor*).

THE list of unsolved railway tragedies has reached alarming dimensions. It needs no great effort of memory to recall case after case in which inoffensive persons have been done to death and no trace left which might serve as a clue to the authorship of these appalling crimes. Just over a year ago the country rang with a hue and cry after the murderer of Miss Florence Nightingale Shore, a hospital nurse who was killed in a third-class compartment of an express train running between London and Hastings; yet in spite of the utmost efforts of the police no trace of her assailant has ever been discovered. A similar air of mystery surrounds the fate of Miss Wilhelmina Whitfield, a domestic servant and ex-W.A.A.C., whose mutilated remains were found the other day on the railway line between Lightcliffe and Halifax. It would be an easy matter to multiply such gruesome recollections. A careful study of these cases reveals that all, or nearly all, of them might have been prevented by the use of precautions which are in vogue on most of the Continental railways, and, in my opinion, should at once be adopted and rigorously enforced by our own Board of Trade.

Neglected Safeguards.

Even the elementary safeguards which now exist are too often robbed of their effect through the carelessness of those responsible for the safety of passengers. Only the other day there was a case in which apparently the communication cord on a Brighton train failed to convey its urgent message to the driver, with the result that a fatal accident, which prompt aid might have averted, was added to the long list of railway calamities. Moreover, on many trains, including some long-distance expresses, the lighting arrangements are of a most primitive description, the authorities evidently having no proper appreciation of the extent to which sudden darkness may serve as a cover for premeditated crime. A tragic illustration of the effects of such neglect was afforded recently, when a woman passenger, in a moment of hysterical madness, attempted to leave a moving train with her child rather than face the ordeal of passing through a tunnel in complete darkness with a stranger of whose intentions she was, rightly or wrongly, suspicious. In such cases it is impossible to acquit the railway companies of culpable negligence.

The Main Essential.

The greatest of all safeguards in railway travel is, of course, the through corridor, and I am surprised that the public have not before now insisted upon the provision of this type of coach upon all long-distance trains. In case of serious emergency the closed-up compartment is a simple death-trap. It is impossible for a man of equable nerve to enter one of these boxes without a vague sense of possible danger, while the records unhappily prove beyond question that in a large number of cases the absence of corridor communication has been a direct incentive to crime. The time will come, I am convinced, when the community will no longer tolerate conditions fraught with such peril, and if the demand for reform is heard only when some fresh disaster arrests the public imagination, it is because the extent of the danger is not fully realised. It is not simply that the closed compartment makes crime easy; it allows time for its evidences to be concealed and places all manner of obstacles in the way of its detection. In a case which resulted in a prosecution at Acton it was proved that the culprit, who with almost incredible stupidity had failed to make good his escape, had repeatedly assaulted a young girl, striking her in the face with his fists, pushing her under the seat, and kicking her into a state of unconsciousness. Every effort of the victim to reach the communication-cord was rewarded by a fresh blow, and the shouts for help which were the unfortunate girl's only resource could not be heard through the close walls of the compartment. On some lines, the danger is accentuated through the substitution of a knob, located on one side of the compartment, for the usual running chain, nothing being easier than for an assailant to prevent access to this single means of communication—another point which should at once engage the attention of the Board of Trade, whose responsibility in the matter brooks no evasion. But the safety of the public will never be thoroughly ensured until the corridor coach is universal. On most of the Continental systems its imperative necessity has been long recognised, and there are no insuperable obstacles to its compulsory use on this side of the Channel.

Fix A Time Limit.

The cost of substitution would no doubt be considerable, but it might at least be laid down that no new coaches should be built without corridor communication, and a time-limit fixed during which the present rolling-stock should be adapted so as to provide this essential safeguard. There are some things more important than money. Meanwhile the existing rules of safety should be strictly enforced upon the railway companies by the strong hand of authority. The least they can do is to see that all trains are adequately lighted; that the safety cords are in proper order; and that none of these precautionary measures is robbed of its effect through laxity of control. Apart from the risk of mechanical accident—which can never be wholly eliminated—it ought to be as safe to travel on the railways as it is to walk the public roads. Such an ideal is well within our reach if we will learn the lessons of experience and remember that prevention is better than cure.

DYING WOMAN'S LONE WALK.

AN ECHO FROM A CARDIFF HOSPITAL.

There is a hospital in Cardiff bearing the honoured name of King Edward VII., and into that institution, suffering from a malignant growth, Mrs. Elizabeth Tennant, wife of a Penarth tobacconist, was admitted. It was decided to operate, and apparently the operation took place. Later, while still under the influence of the anæsthetic, the poor woman left her bed and walked to the lavatory, where she was subsequently found by a probationer, lying on the floor face downwards. On being carried back to bed she died. The hospital officials at the inquest, contended that she would have died in any case, but the fact remains that, while practically dying, she was permitted to walk to the lavatory unattended. No explanation was offered as to why arrangements were not made which would obviate a necessity fraught with such gross and obvious risk, and which would have rendered her going there unnecessary. Despite the Coroner's assertion, "I lay no blame on anyone in charge," it is quite obvious that "somebody blundered," and if the poor woman's death was not caused by her fall—as the doctor asserted—it was accelerated by it. The question of food at this institution appears to require looking into, for the husband asserts to us that all his wife had to eat was dry bread and weak tea—"the food of a felon." Not a nice story, and certainly not one reflecting credit on the administration of this hospital.

APPOINTMENTS OR "APPROPRIATIONS"?

CURIOUS CIRCULAR FROM MINISTRY OF LABOUR.

There is, unfortunately, no doubt that, while the Exchequer receipts this year will fall far short of the Chancellor's estimates, it is very improbable that, despite the insistent calls for Economy, there will be any reduction in Government departmental expenditure. From a curious—and, incidentally, expensive—circular recently issued from the Ministry of Labour, it appears that this extremely costly Department is about to increase its already huge staff, but also, at the same time, is endeavouring to "raise the wind" to a certain extent. The circular invites applications for "a few posts on the permanent staff" with salaries of from £200 to £400, plus "the appropriate cost of living bonus payable on these salaries"—an attractive invitation indeed to the thousands of hapless ex-Service officers and men who at present are without any means of earning a livelihood. But the conditions are that all candidates whom the Minister of Labour considers suitable must sit for a written examination, and pay £4 in examination fees, while those who pass will be required to pay in addition a Medical Examiner's fee, together with their own travelling and other expenses, both for attendance before the Selection Board and at the educational and medical exams., while there does not appear to be any guarantee that successful candidates will eventually be given even a "probationary appointment"! It all seems very much like buying a pig in a poke.

LITTLE GIRL'S MARTYRDOM.

CRUELLY BEATEN WITH THE LEG OF A CHAIR.

Had William Andrews, of Bridlington, met his deserts, he would now be "doing time." But the local Bench, for some occult reason, took a lenient view and fined him £5 with £1 costs, giving him time to pay. The case was a particularly atrocious one. The man, it seems, took a dislike to one of his children, a little girl of ten, and vented his spite on her by unmercifully beating her, sometimes with a thick belt and at others with a heavy stick. The climax came when he thrashed her while nude with the leg of a chair, several blows falling on the child's wrist, causing her hand to hang down practically useless. At this stage the N.S.P.C.C. intervened, and the brute was brought to book. That he was not pulled up sooner seems strange, for a Police Inspector stated that on one occasion the child had come to the Police Station in a state of terror on a dark and stormy night, wearing only one garment and a pair of old boots. She then complained of being thrashed, and on examining her he found the marks. The evidence of brutality, in fact, was overwhelming, and all the fellow had to say in Court was: "The witnesses have put things as black as they can against me, so I'll have to put up with it." And they fined him £5 and £1 costs! It is not often, we are glad to say, that the martyrdom of a little child is held so cheap. "Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers, Ere the sorrow comes with years?"

Make Sunday ideal by reading SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

A PERIL TO THE PRINCE.

STRICT PRECAUTIONS NEEDED TO PROTECT THE PERSON OF THE HEIR APPARENT.

THERE is no disguising the fact that the more thoughtful section of the British public are seriously exercised in mind over the Prince of Wales's forthcoming trip to India, and we feel sure that if we give voice to these misgivings our attitude will not be misunderstood. It is an open secret that the Government are gravely perturbed over the situation in India, where vast provinces are seething with unrest and whole populations quivering with the passion of revolt. In the memory of experienced Anglo-Indian administrators there was never a time when the Government of this great Dependency presented such an array of baffling problems, or when more caution was required in the handling of the native situation. This being so, it is surely permissible to inquire whether the time is opportune to invite the heir to the British Throne to embark upon an expedition which must necessarily be fraught with considerable personal danger—to say nothing of the immense responsibility devolving upon the shoulders of any man who visits these troubled territories in the role of Ambassador of Empire. No one questions the courage of the Prince, which has been proved on numberless occasions—notably during the Great War, when it was with the utmost difficulty he was restrained from incurring the most deadly risks. Nevertheless, it is the duty of the Government to do all in their power to minimise the hazards of the Indian Mission, and so to shape the plans of the visit that no needless risks are run.

THE NATIVE SITUATION.

Distance is very apt to blind us to the perennial danger of the Indian situation. It may be freely stated now—although all mention of the affair was rigorously suppressed at the time—that during the War we were within an ace of losing our hold upon the Indian Empire; and more than once since the Armistice the situation has caused the acutest anxiety in official circles. The tactics pursued by the Indian agitators present many points of resemblance to the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland, and while the risk of warlike operations on the grand scale is doubtless remote, there is every possibility of the outbreak of that species of guerilla fighting in which a leading part is played by the assassin and the bomb. It is this consideration which accounts for the anxiety felt in regard to the Prince of Wales's visit by those who, from first-hand knowledge, are best able to gauge the possibilities of a dangerous situation. Already the Indian native agitators, led by the notorious Mr. Gandhi, whose capacity for mischief has been considerably under-rated in this country, are talking of a hostile reception and making it clear that they intend to lose no opportunity of offering public disrespect to the heir to the British Throne.

NEEDFUL PRECAUTIONS.

If it is too late to hope that the project will be reconsidered, and the Prince's Indian tour postponed, it is at least permissible to insist that the plan of the tour shall be modified in the light of these hostile demonstrations. It would be simple madness to allow the Royal envoy to visit districts where elaborate plans to insult him have already been prepared with the enthusiastic approval of a section of the native population. Moreover, the Government should be chary of using the Prince's courage as a pawn in the political game, and casting him for the role of peacemaker in districts where statesmanship has failed. We speak advisedly, and with considerable knowledge—not only of the local circumstances, but of the policy which at present governs the relations between the British Government and the Indian Empire. The simple fact is that in many of the larger centres of population the native extremists are doing all in their power, through the mediums of public agitation and the vernacular Press, to poison the minds of the Indian population against the Prince of Wales, representing him as the embodiment of British rule, which for their own political ends they affect to hate and despise. For instance, in the *Englishman* of Calcutta Mr. Gandhi is allowed to write in the following terms: "Whilst it is true that the King and his heirs do not actively meddle in the affairs of State, he is as effective a representative of the existing system of Government as the most meddlesome Prime Minister or Viceroy. I am disposed to think that as a supporter of the institution he is more effective by reason of his isolation. If the Prince comes he will come . . . to sing the song of praise for a Government which is responsible for the dishonour of the Punjab; for breach of faith with the Mussulmans; for forcing the drink traffic on India; for impoverishing her; and for so emasculating her that she almost thinks she must remain in slavery for an unthinkable time." The effect of this sort of thing on the inflammable minds of uneducated natives can only too readily be imagined, and it is naturally greater in proportion to the extent to which they have been previously schooled in the ways of sedition. For in certain districts the efforts of Mr. Gandhi and his colleagues have met with alarming success.

A DREAD RESPONSIBILITY.

It would be an act of insanity no less than a crime to expose the Prince of Wales to the risk of "regrettable incidents" in the course of his Indian tour. In our view, the whole project is highly ill-advised, and it would have been wiser—as it certainly would have been fairer—to give the Prince a respite from his arduous labours in the cause of the Empire. The next best thing is to see to it that every possible precaution is taken, and that no misguided conceptions of policy are allowed to deflect his steps from the path of safety. If any mishap should overtake the Prince, the British public would never forgive Ministers who, through lack of foresight, failed to protect a life precious as any the Empire holds.

ASSURANCE AND AUDACITY.

AGE PENALTIES FOR POLICYHOLDERS.

For thirty years a Berwick-on-Tweed policyholder in the Commercial Union Assurance Company of London, Edinburgh and elsewhere, has paid an annual premium of over £2, to ensure compensation for himself or his representatives in the event of him suffering disablement or death as the result of an accident. He has never had to make a claim on the Company. He was under the natural impression that after all those years the contract between himself and the Company was a permanent one, but felt that in consideration of the £60 odd he had paid he ought to be allowed to pay a reduced premium in future. But, so far from considering what, from his point of view, was an eminently reasonable request, the Company coolly informed him that they have now instituted "revised terms for policyholders over 65 years of age," and that they will only accept renewal subject to good health and the payment of an extra premium at the rate of 2s. per cent. on the sum insured or renew the insurance for weekly benefits only. Also they advise their policyholder that though, in his particular case, they have graciously waived the increase of premium or the alternative decrease of benefit for this year, as he is now 66 years of age, he must be prepared to agree to the alteration in the terms if he wants his policy renewed next year. If he refuses, presumably they will stick to the £120 odd that has accrued to them in premiums and interest. There's "assurance"!

BAULKED AT BROMPTON.

EX-SERVICE MAN'S FAILURE TO OBTAIN JUSTICE.

How impossible it is to obtain justice without money and without price was cruelly brought home to a Fulham unemployed ex-Service man named Stubbs, who, having been knocked down while cycling by another cyclist, sought to recover damages in the West London County Court at Brompton. At the time of the accident he was employed as a house decorator and, his nerves being badly shaken in consequence, he had to cease work. In the interim another man was put on in his place, and since then he had been out of employment. Meanwhile, he had issued a summons against the other cyclist, and the case came on for hearing on September 26th. Here is exactly what took place in Court: Judge: "Your name?" Plaintiff: "Stubbs." Judge: "Christian names?" Plaintiff: "Frank William." Judge: "You have no hearing fee?" Plaintiff: "No, I am out of work." Judge: "Case dismissed without costs." It was all over in one minute, but in that brief time an unemployed ex-Service man was robbed of the opportunity of getting the justice due to him because he lacked the wherewithal to pay a paltry fee. As a matter of fact, he went into Court that morning breakfastless and without a penny in his pocket. What are we to think of such a proceeding? It is not as if the Plaintiff had a bad case. On the contrary he had a good one, and had witnesses to prove it. But the Judge in his wisdom did not give the poor fellow a dog's chance!

WAKEFORD ON THE PLATFORM.

WESTERN TOUR FOLLOWS MIDLAND SUCCESSES.

Following a great meeting at the Birmingham Town Hall on Tuesday evening, October 4th, ex-Archdeacon John Wakeford will lecture on Wednesday, October 5th, at the Assembly Hall, Bath Place, Wolverhampton; on Thursday, October 6th, at the Guildhall, Northampton; on Friday, October 7th, at the Central Hall, Exchange Street, Derby; and on Saturday, October 8th, at the Plait Hall, Luton. In each case the meeting commences at 8 p.m. The ex-Archdeacon's engagements for the following week are as under:—

TUES.,	October	11th—Colston Hall, Bristol.
WED.,	"	12th—Corn Exchange, Gloucester.
THURS.,	"	13th—Public Hall, Worcester.
FRI.,	"	14th—Town Hall, Kidderminster.
SAT.,	"	15th—Town Hall, Weston-super-Mare.

The meeting at Bristol has been planned on a large scale, in order that none of the ex-Archdeacon's many sympathisers in that district may be disappointed. All seats—except a limited number at 9d., obtainable at the door—will be reserved, and can be obtained in advance at Messrs. Crichton's, Ltd., Broadwood House, 76, Park Street, Bristol. Prices, according to plan, are 2s. 4d., 1s. 10d., and 1s. 3d. (including tax). Mr. W. Charles Pilley (Assistant Editor of JOHN BULL) will take the chair at Bristol, and there is every prospect of a highly successful meeting. "The Girl in the Cathedral" will be present at all the above-mentioned engagements.

Justly Celebrated— SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

GOVERNMENT BETRAYS DISABLED SOLDIERS.

RECKLESS CRAZE FOR ECONOMY RESULTS IN BREAKDOWN OF TRAINING SCHEMES.

WHEN it was first announced that the Government intended, through the agency of the Ministry of Labour, to undertake the training of a number of ex-Service men in useful handicrafts, as well as in farming and other productive industries, it was generally felt that the scheme was a promising one, and that the authorities were at any rate making some effort to redeem their debt to the men who had fought in the war. Unfortunately, it seems impossible for the State to take up an enterprise of this sort without getting it into a hopeless tangle; and we are not altogether surprised to find that, in this case, the "ship" has been spoilt for the proverbial "ha-porth of tar." Frightened by the Anti-Waste cry, and following its usual practice of economising at the expense of those who lack the power of self-defence, the Ministry of Labour has suddenly scrapped a number of these training schemes—the pensioners having received notice that their course of instruction is at an end, and that they must report themselves for employment at the nearest Labour Exchange. The heartlessness of this proceeding almost passes belief. In nearly every case, the men were promised a three years' period of training, and their feelings may be imagined when—through what is nothing less than a gross breach of faith on the part of the Government—they are turned adrift before half this period has run.

A Vigorous Protest.

Among the institutions affected by the latest decisions of the Ministry is one known as the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Government Instructional Factory at Luton, where a large number of ex-soldiers are collected for training in handicrafts. In this establishment, where most of the pensioners were making excellent progress, the edict of the Government fell like a bombshell. The men had no inkling of what was intended, and were looking forward with eagerness and hope to the time when, after a full three years' course, they would take their place in the ranks of useful workers. Only nine months of the three years period had elapsed when the Ministry callously intimated that for various reasons—including the claims of economy—they intended to close down the factory and turn the men adrift. Resolved to register a united protest against this faithless treatment, the pensioners called a meeting and passed a resolution in the following terms: "This meeting of trainees strongly protests against the action of the Government in discharging trainees and instructing them to report to the Labour Exchange, after definitely stating that a three years' course of training would be given—nine months of which has at the most been received." Copies of the resolution, with telegrams of protest, were sent to the Prime Minister and to the Ministers of Labour and Pensions, who, if they have any sense of responsibility towards the ex-Service man, will take immediate steps to remedy the wrong which has been done.

Further Examples.

The experience of the Luton pensioners does not stand alone. Under some of the schemes set on foot it was intended that the pensioners should spend part of their training period in a Government institution and the remainder of the time as "improvers" in a private workshop or factory. Unfortunately the unemployment wave has killed the latter part of the scheme, for which the Government appear never to have made any suitable arrangements—with the result that large numbers of men with only a few months' training to their credit find themselves thrown upon the labour market at a time when it is absolutely impossible for them to find jobs. Here, again, the pensioners feel that the Government have broken faith with them, and that if they were to be left to their own resources at the later stages of their "training," they should have been warned earlier of what was likely to happen. We have inspected a great number of letters addressed by the Pensions Ministry to applicants for training, and these documents leave no room for any other inference than that the men were to receive a full three-years course under complete Government safeguards, and with a maintenance grant to carry them through the period. Instead, they find that the training course has entirely broken down, and that the allowance, which while it lasted may just have sufficed to keep body and soul together, has suddenly been withdrawn. The men who, under the auspices of the Ministry of Agriculture, were embarked upon a course of training in farm work, are in no better case. In this connection that Ministry used every art and device to enveigle pensioners into an experimental scheme. "Ex-Service men who desire to settle upon the land," ran one attractive advertisement, "should read full details of the Government Scheme of Farm Settlements," and underneath was a delightful picture of a newly-built farm cottage, in which the ex-Service man and his family were to spend the happy period of training. The land fit for heroes to live in was to be realised at last—the sword would literally be beaten into the ploughshare of peace!

Broken Faith.

One of these settlements was at Titchfield, Hants, where a Central Farm was established, well stocked with horses and implements, which it was understood the settlers were to be allowed to use at easy rates. The idea was apparently that the men were to be established on small-holdings, which they would cultivate under expert guidance and with the fullest possible assistance from the experienced agriculturists in charge of the Central Farm. Now, just when the scheme was beginning to be useful and to promise a satisfactory return to the men who had sunk their gratuities on the faith of State promises, the whole project has been scrapped as far as the Government are concerned, the settlers being consigned to the tender mercies of the Hampshire County Council, who have altered the whole character of the scheme. The Central Farm is to be done away with and the tenants deprived of its advantages, while they will sink to the position of ordinary small-holders earning a precarious living by single-handed labour. It is high time these gross breaches of faith with the men who fought to redeem their country were held up to public examination. The whole thing is a travesty of fair dealing and a reflection upon the honour of the State.

SOB STUFF *V.* SYMPATHY.

PUBLIC REGRETS AND PRIVATE PROCRASTINATION.

Exactly a year ago an oil barge, the property of the Anglo-American Oil Company, was sent for repair to Hodge's, at Milwall. Eleven men were on the job, which had hardly commenced when a terrific explosion occurred. Seven of the poor fellows were killed, five of them being blown to atoms. As the barge had just been emptied of petrol, it was obvious that the disaster was due to accumulated gas in the tank. An important regulation of the Port of London Authority had been absolutely disregarded—namely, that "The employers guarantee that before men are put to work on these vessels an expert's certificate shall be obtained that the tanks are absolutely safe." One would have thought that with such evidence the responsibility for the death of the victims would have been easy to fix. To-day, a year later, the Oil Company, the men's employers and the underwriters all seem to be squabbling amongst themselves as to who shall pay! Meantime, at least one poor woman with a young family is destitute, and legal proceedings have had to be instituted by the Boilermakers' Society. Perhaps in another year's time somebody will have forked out. But why must the widow's pittance be extorted by a Judge and haggled over by learned counsel?

FOREIGN LEGION FIASCO.

"CASTLES IN SPAIN" FOR OUR UNEMPLOYED.

Although "Britons never shall be slaves," the Old Country is now in such a pitiable state that British manhood is compelled, through unemployment and the immediate prospect of starvation, to volunteer to fight for foreign countries. Several men who recently attempted to enlist in the Spanish Foreign Legion were sent trailing about the country at their own expense, with nothing but a form from the Spanish Consul—filled up in Spanish—which, although called a "passport," was eventually not worth the paper it was written on! Two of the men in particular who were sent with their "passports" to Southampton for embarkation on a certain ship, not only found on arrival that there was no such ship there, but that the "passport" was useless. On seeing the Vice-Consul at Southampton, they were told that he had no authority to do anything for them; so they returned to London and obtained an interview with the Consul General, when they were calmly informed that it was all a mistake! Although our ex-Service men seem to count for nothing now that the war is over, there is surely a limit to all this tomfoolery. It is indeed a scandal that our national heroes should be blown about the Empire like dust before an evil wind.

TRICKY ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

CUNNING ATTEMPT TO ROB POOR WIDOW.

"S.P.A.C.S." stand for the Scottish Provident Assurance Collecting Society, and they stand for less than nothing amongst honest men! The Society proved to be a bunch of cowards when dragged into the light in the Lancaster County Court, the other day. Mrs. Gardner, of Morecambe, took out two policies of assurance on the lives of her husband and daughter with the local agent in 1916. She was eventually told to send premiums to "a man in London." This she did until April this year, when she learned that the agent in London had left the Company's employ. They then calmly stated that they could not find her policy and requested her to trace the former London agent, obtain the money from him, and pay it over to them! This she naturally refused to do, and, insuring with another company, brought an action against the "S.P.A.C.S." for recovery of premiums paid. As it happened, however, the Society knew all the time where the "missing" agent was. Judge Sturges made some very strong comments in giving judgment for Mrs. Gardner, and ordered all the documents to be submitted to the Public Prosecutor. O, wise and upright Judge! Verily, a Daniel has come to Judgment. And about time, too!

Use your head and win £1.000—SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED

THE R.38 DISASTER.

BRITISH PUBLIC DEMANDS THE TRUTH.

It is about time the various Government Departments realised that the public is no longer in the mood to tolerate the erstwhile policy of "Hush" regarding any and every instance of official blundering and ineptitude. The recent disaster to the R.38 is a case in point. We have reason to believe that strong attempts are being made to prevent the results of the Air Council's Inquiry being disclosed, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is imperative, for Imperial reasons, that the truth and the whole truth should at once be made known. For, let us not forget, we have enemies in America. Already the anti-British Press has seized its opportunity, and, with the usual tactics of "yellow-journalism," has brewed its witches' broth from disgruntled individuals, distorted facts and played upon British official reticence.

THE TRUTH.

The substratum of truth—and that is bad enough in all conscience—is that the R.38 was from the beginning unsound in design and construction. It ought to have been scrapped—instead of which it was sold. In this connection, it is but fair to make clear that it was the only airship constructed in this country for which Messrs. Vickers were not responsible, and we regret to announce that it was none other than the product of the Government's own design, carried out under the supervision of Mr. Campbell, who was himself one of the unfortunate victims. In advance of the official verdict, and without going into technicalities, we may state that the fundamental weakness of the airship—a fact familiar to every expert in the country—was that the transverse frames were 45 feet apart, whereas in every other airship constructed in this country they have never exceeded 34 feet. It was a fatal mistake, and, almost without exception, the experts predicted disaster sooner or later. But, as the tragic sequel has shown, the authorities did not, or would not, listen to the voice of the experts. Over-confident, self-sufficient, they went blindly on their way in the construction of what has proved to be an engine of death. At the time of the disaster, alluring posters on hoardings throughout the country invited recruits to the Royal Air Force. The parents and other relatives of the plucky young men who answer that call have a right to demand that those valuable lives shall not be needlessly endangered or put in jeopardy through the incompetence of Government designers, either of airships or aeroplanes, who, as a result of this terrible disaster, are necessarily suspect.

EVERYBODY KNEW—NOBODY SPOKE!

The point is that, while everybody connected with the airship industry seems to have been aware of R.38's grave defects, no one appears to have made representations until the disaster was an irretrievable fact. Or—and we do not ask the question lightly—were representations actually made and laid in the proper quarter and ignored? Someone is responsible, and someone must shoulder the responsibility. We have no desire unduly to embarrass the Air Council or "The Accidents Sub-Committee of the Aeronautical Research Committee" by which the Report will be framed. But we give due warning that the conclusions must be made public, otherwise we shall have many other pertinent questions to ask. Let the blunders be admitted, the blame apportioned, and such reparation as is possible made. We can then trust to the native good-sense of Greater America to rate at their true value the present lurid tales of "frame-ups" on the part of the British to "kill off" so many of their "cousins." That is what is being said—and believed! And that is why the true story must be given to the world of the creation and fate of the first—and, let us hope, the last—"Government" airship.

POLICE BULLYING.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF "BLUE" PRUSSIANISM.

We recently commented strongly on the increase in breaches of discipline, and Prussianised methods of handling the public, shown by police officials in all parts of the country. An example of the continuation of this trouble is shown by a charge brought against Thomas Henry Evans, of Cwmbare, of drunk and disorderly conduct and assaulting the police. Now, a man who is "drunk and disorderly" attracts quite a lot of attention, and his condition is obvious. The only witness called by the police was another constable, and the Stipendiary dismissed the case, relying on a number of independent witnesses affirming that the man was neither drunk nor disorderly. Then as to the assault. P.C. Henton, who accused, swore that the prisoner struck him a violent blow on the face and kicked him several times whilst on the ground. Once more the Stipendiary took the evidence to pieces for himself, and discovered that this police bully, so far from being assaulted by the prisoner, followed him on a car, and, before the eyes of the passengers, hauled him off, caught hold of his wrists, threw him to the ground, jumped on his chest with both knees, and—blew his whistle for assistance! On these facts, two police constables stand condemned of manufacturing evidence and swearing absolute falsehoods as truth. The Stipendiary contented himself with strong comments. In justice, and as a lesson to lying official bullies, these two policemen should be put on trial.

RESULT OF OUR FIFTH FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In this competition the following sixty readers each sent a coupon containing the correct results of the ten matches played on September 24th, and therefore divide the prize of £1,000, each receiving £16 13s. 4d.:—

Acke, G., 13, Ellerdale St., Lewisham; Albonce, D., 236, Rate Lane, Lizard; Bateman, A., High St., Winslow; Bolsover, C., 6, Ford Ridgeway, nr. Sheffield; Carpenter, G., 11, Garden Rd., Tonbridge; Claydon, A., Glynville, Horsell Clifton, H., 31, Chamberlain Rd., Edmonton; Co'e, C., 5, "Fernside," Cotlands Rd., Bournemouth; Colquhoun, Mrs., 12, Buchanan St., Dalmuir; Cooper, Miss G., Wellington Hotel, Sheerness; Corkhill, A., 22, Orford St., Wavertree, Liverpool; Dey, J., Clermiston Rd., Corstorphine, Edinburgh; Dixon, H., Hart, nr. West Hartlepool; Dumble, T., 76 Etherstone St. Leigh, Lancs.; Facer, C., 6 Ifield Rd., West Brompton; Gibb, J. S., Duntarvie View, Winchburch, West Lothian; Graham, J., 249, Main St., Bridgeton, Glasgow; Gray, W., 1, Bathfield Rd., Leith; Grenville, G. 77, Pedro St., Hackney; Hardy, W., 132, Hill Top, West Bromwich; Holgate, G., 13, Wilson St., Winchmore Hill; Humes, J., 4, Hill Ter., Billy Row, Crook; Hyde, E., 4, Nag's Head Rd., Ponder's End; Johnstone, A., 12, West Main St., Armadale; Judd, H., 19, Obdurman Rd., Southampton; Jupp, T., 36, London Rd., Lower Clapton; Latham, J., 189, Marsh Lane, Bootle; Lillico, G., Municipal Bldgs., West Hartlepool; Lloyd, A., 12, Shipbrook Rd., Northwich; McEldon, H., 22, East Ter., Low, Walker-on-T.; McLean, D., 27, Hamilton St., Greenock; McPhie, A., 76, Thornwood Av., Partick, Glasgow; Marsh, S., "Norbury," Church Path, Deal; Middleton, J., Charlotte Lane, Bradwell; Moore, J., 5, Back Parkfield Rd., L'pool; Motte, F., 34, Nelson Rd., Lexden, Colchester; Newman, R., 9, Commondale Rd., Welling; Newton, J., 112, Nottingham Rd., Long Eaton; Norrington, A., 26, Worple Rd., Epsom; Old, H., 44, Trindon St., Sunderland; Payne, S., "Marbury," New Dalton St., St. Albans; Procey, H., 46, Parkgate Rd. Watford; Price, G. Windsor Ter., 108, Windmillhill St., Motherwell; Reeve, A., Low Fulney, Spalding; Rooney, F., 21, Gowan St., Arbroath; Roper, C., 20, Belvedere Rd., Wallasey; Rothwell, A., Higher Folds, Leigh Lancs.; Ryder, Mrs., 44, Clarence Rd., Southport; Salter, F., 23, Orion Rd., Rodwell, Weymouth; Saxon, C., Isceed House, Aberyschan; Sparke, S., 54, Hanworth Rd., Hounslow Stevens, G., 7, Red St., Platt St., Nottingham; Tennant, Miss J. 15, Castle St., Glasgow; Thomas, A., Beswick, Hull; Thompson W., 12, Freeland Grove, Bromley; Tudor, M., 1, Bush Ter., Pantygasaig, Pontypool; Watson, J., 69, Clayton St., Jarrow-on-T.; Webb, M., Sunny Corner, Scartho, Grimsby; Wylde, W., 2, Brancepeth Village nr. Durham; Yates, J. 2, Cromwell St., Mayor St., Bolton.

FIRE!

As an example of the great advantage of our Free Fire Insurance Scheme, we may mention the case of Mr. E. G. Piper, of Hill Cottages, Tendring, Essex, whose home was burned to the ground on Sunday, 23rd July last. Six months previously he had insured with us. On September 5th, after all reasonable inquiries had been made, we posted a cheque for £120 to Mr. Piper in full settlement and satisfaction of his claim. Our system entails the payment of no premium, and Mr. Piper is the 151st reader who has benefited under it.

A RAW, SORE THROAT

Eases Quickly When You Apply a little Miller's Musterole

And Miller's Musterole won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Just spread it on with your fingers. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain.

Many doctors and nurses use Miller's Musterole and recommend it to their patients. For it does all the work of the mustard plaster and does it better, without bothering with a cloth.

Miller's Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It is fine for quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsilitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest. Nothing like Miller's Musterole for croupy children. Keep it handy for instant use.

2/6 a jar. All chemists.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO.,
4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

MILLER'S
MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

A shirt that fits like a tailor-made suit

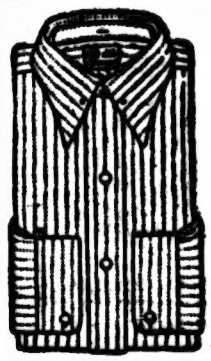
It is gratifying to know that where ready-made men's wear is concerned, you can buy at least one garment which *looks* and *feels* as if it had been specially made for you—a shirt.

That is, if you see it bears the "Cepea Serge" Tab near the neckband.

Every **Cepea Serge** Shirt, and Pyjama Suit, too, is a high-grade, tailor-made garment—sleeves of correct length—comfortable fitting neckband—cut and finish *just* right.

CEPEA SERGE
"The COTTON fabric with the SERGE finish"

Also, every garment is guaranteed unshrinkable, and the colours perfectly fast. **Cepea Serge** is a most enduring fabric, and retains its smartness to the end.



"Cepea" Shirts - 10/6
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If unable to obtain from your local outfitter, send us a postal order, stating size and colour desired, and we will arrange for a retailer to supply.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To Sir John Baddeley, Lord Mayor of London Elect, Woodberry Down, N.

Dear Sir John,—Accept my felicitations on your election to the Civic Chair of London. None is more worthy of the dignity than you, a Londoner of Londoners—bred within the sound of Bow Bells, loving the dear, hoary old City, and steeped in its lore and traditions, as all realise who have read your "History of the Guildhall" and knew your fine record of service with the Corporation. It is characteristic of your true sense of citizenship that, in this period of suffering and distress, you will not countenance any silly, extravagant pageantry at your ceremonious induction next month. May you, in the course of your year of office, see prosperity restored to our splendid old City, and to us all. John Bull.

To Herbert Francis, Vauxhall Street, S.W

My Dear Lad,—When useless and unteachable wasters are in good jobs, maintained in their incompetence by public money, it is a national disgrace that a boy of 17, such as you, should be without a situation. When a thoughtless urchin, throwing stones at a frog, fell from a barge into the water, you jumped in without hesitation, fully clothed, to the rescue. You had nearly succeeded, when in a paroxysm of fear, the boy bit you, causing you to relinquish your hold, and nearly losing your own life as well as his. As it was, this attempt was a near thing for you, and I hope you are now none the worse, and that some employer, recognising sterling merit when he sees it, has by this time secured your services. In the meantime, good luck to you.

John Bull.

To Sir Charles Sykes, M.P., Huddersfield.

Sir,—I have just been reading, with feelings of intense disgust, your weak-kneed and sloppily sentimental remarks on the possibility of a trade revival in textiles. You said Germany was the best market for these goods before the war. And then went on to say that it was time we came to some *fair and straight* arrangement with Germany, and invited her bankers and traders to become partners with us! Let me tell you three things: It is impossible for Germans to conceive and maintain any "fair and straight" arrangement. Secondly, until Germans have fulfilled the reparations demanded, they should be servants and not partners. Thirdly, no trade can revive under the present system of waste. Let these soak in, and try again. John Bull.

To Henry Bingley, Esq., Magistrate, Clerkenwell.

Sir,—I note with pleasure that you refused to proceed with a recent charge at Clerkenwell Police Court, when a young woman was accused of "using insulting words and behaviour," in that she asked several men for a cigarette. As you said, no sensible man would regard this as anything but foolish, and that you yourself would not feel "insulted." Still—perhaps you forget that this form of words is officially laid down, and was the only formula which would fit the "crime." The real object of your censure should have been the busybody of a policeman who, having a number of charges which may be made, looks for somebody to fit them.

John Bull.

To Rhys Davies, Esq., Swansea.

Most Modest Welshman,—I note that, when entertaining the National Commercial Temperance League to luncheon the other day, you declared that the Welsh people were really the angels of the earth. According to Milton and other authorities, there are two sorts of angels—angels of light and angels of darkness. If you mean to suggest that the Welsh belong to the first category, I must congratulate you on your really killing humour; if your remark was a confession that your countrymen belong to the dark variety, it is not for me to dispute your statement; you should know. My personal opinion is that no people, no matter of what nationality, are angelic until they are dead, and possibly not even then. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Kimberley, Wymondham, Norfolk.

Dear Lord Kimberley,—I share and echo your disgust at the "childish fine of 5s." which your fellow Magistrates at Wymondham considered a fitting penalty to inflict on a hulking brute, James Norman, who committed a most violent and unprovoked attack on a girl of 15, knocking her about and making her mouth bleed. I can imagine that you longed to take the law into your own hands and administer condign and corporal chastisement to the ruffian, in accordance with your family motto, "Strike Hard"—which, if I remember rightly, your ancestors of old adopted and acted up to on the field of Agincourt. But can't you, metaphorically, "strike hard" at your brothers of the Bench, and instil a little chivalry, commonsense, and justice into their thick heads?

John Bull.

To Miss Winifred Sarson, Juvenile Golf Champion, Cooden Beach.

Dear Winnie,—You looked ripping the other day—in your blue jumper and silken snood and radiant, athletic young womanhood—when, as winner of the Girls' Golf Championship, you played at Walton Heath against the Boy Champion, A. D. D. Mathieson, and again won. It wasn't your fault, of course, that your antagonist was five years younger and a lot lighter in physique than you are, and he certainly put up a good fight; but one of these days I hope to see you play, and win, a match against one of your own size, if not of your own sex. It would be a bit more sporting, wouldn't it? John Bull.

To the Essex County Council.

Gentlemen,—Doctor J. Douglas Wells, Medical Officer to the Billericay Rural District Council, in his reports makes a few strong remarks which you should certainly read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. He condemns your "high and mighty" methods of running things from an office miles away, and says the lust for power of a few men such as you merely leads to voluminous "paper" operations, satisfying your petty vanities but wasting time and money, while the results are only deplorable. Obstacles are your common weapons, and senseless delay your next line of defence, your ultimate resort being to ignore letters for weeks and even months. It seems about time you took to your beds, and allowed those who can do the work to do it.

John Bull.

To Lieut. Michael O'Leary, V.C., Montreal.

Dear Mike,—It was damnable that you—like so many thousands of your late brothers in arms and companions in honour, both sides the "Herring-pond"—should have been unable for so long to obtain employment in your "grateful" country, and right glad am I that at last you have been given an appointment under the Ontario Government, even though it be only as officer in charge of the enforcement of the Ontario Temperance Act—which I imagine can't be particularly congenial. But, after all, Temperance is, or should be, a long way removed from the pestilential humbug known as "Prohibition," and, anyhow, I've no doubt your tact and good humour, allied to the courage you possess in a superlative degree, will carry you triumphantly through all difficulties. Good luck! John Bull.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

The octopus of German Trade
Spreads tentacles afar;
If we don't stop it, I'm afraid
We shan't know where we are

Who can regret dour Dora's death,
Though she expired in pain?
Her longed demise restores a breath
Of freedom's air again!

By Charlie Chaplin George is cheered
At Gairloch o'er the Border,
And the bad cold, which once was feared,
Retreats in great disorder.

Fifteen plays nineteen on the links,
And meets with a defeat—
A natural respit, methinks—
The boys no need to "greet."

Bottomley's SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED—the paper with a mind of its own.

R-R-REVENGE!

PETTY SPITE AGAINST OLD SERVANT.

Mrs. Edith Douglas took a house from Mrs. Cay, of Kenilworth, wife of a member of the local Bench. She had in her maiden days been in service with that lady for twelve years, and after marriage had gone to her assistance when short-handed—making altogether an association, close or casual, of some 23 years. She took the house in 1916, at Mrs. Cay's suggestion. That lady subsequently engaged two "Land Girls" and installed them in rooms there. Mrs. Douglas's husband, in 1915, joined up, and was demobilised in 1919, coming to live at the house as he was out of employment. He was offered work by Mr. Cay at £2 per week—under present conditions! His refusal produced strained relations, and the Land Girls, taking the cue from their mistress, did their best to make things awkward, while Mrs. Cay retaliated upon Douglas by hinting that she would require the house. Douglas, in the course of some "back-chat" with the girls, suggested they might be a little less unpleasant—and that, in any case, while able-bodied men were out of work, it was scarcely the thing for girls to keep them out of jobs. The girls resented this, and "words" followed, Douglas retorting that they ought to be "chucked" out. This has been made the excuse for issuing a peremptory notice to the Douglases to quit—though undoubtedly the main reason was that Douglas refused to do a man's work for a youth's wage. It is a petty and mean thing to do, and a poor return for Mrs. Douglas's 23 years' service. Much of the present industrial unrest is traceable to causes such as these—which a little give and take would obviate.

FOWL DEALINGS.

BRUMMAGEM HUCKSTER AND GASSED SOLDIER.

S. A. Allis, of Shirley, Birmingham, styling himself a "Breeder of Pedigree Poultry," is at any rate a breeder of false hopes for others and trouble for himself. A gassed ex-soldier obtained a few fowls, and endeavoured to work up a poultry business. Getting into touch with Allis, he was offered 18s. a couple for old hens, and 2s. 4d. per lb. for cockerels for the table. He, therefore, sent along one lot of eight birds, which Allis sold on July 22nd. A further supply of ten was sent and sold on July 27th. In response to a fresh request, a further lot of nine was forwarded and sold on August 3rd. To the ex-soldier's surprise and dismay, two postal orders for 12s. 9d. and £1 6s 11d., together with three sales notes, were received from Allis, the total, £1 19s. 8d., being the proceeds of sale of twenty-seven fowls, working out at 1s. 5½d. each! To a hint of informing the police, the saucy huckster told the vendor he might "bring all the police in England," and that anyhow the fowls were "a poor lot." It is strange that he should have discovered the poor quality only when asked for the proper figure as suggested by himself. In reply to further letters, Allis stated that the railway company had reported one consignment to the R.S.P.C.A., but carefully refrained from offering any evidence. The position so far is that the impudent higgler has obtained fowls from a struggling invalid unused to business, has sold them apparently at a good figure, but takes advantage of his victim's helplessness to offer him a fraction of the value in the hope that he is too poor to sue, or that bluff and threats will deter him from attempting to obtain his rights.

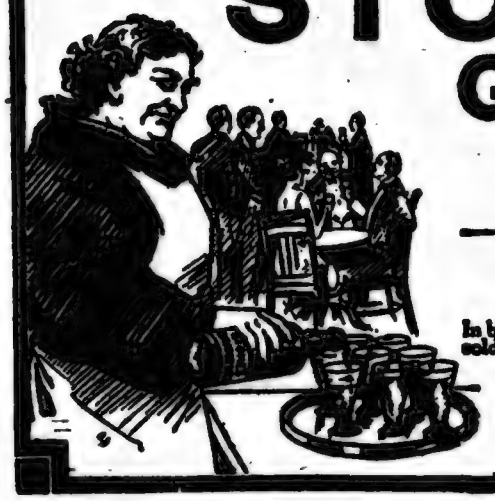
TAVERNER ON THE TOUCH.

GAOL BIRD STILL BUSY ON THE OLD LAY.

Writing on behalf of his widowed mother, aged 68, crippled with rheumatism, a Halifax resident calls our attention to the continued financial activities of that old gaol bird, William Taverner, *Esq.*, as he calls himself—certainly nobody else would who knows his record Our correspondent tells us his mother was a member of Taverner's Middle Age Pension Society, a swindling concern for which this industrious rogue was gathered in at Chester Assizes and sentenced to 15 months' imprisonment. She is now receiving from him and his associates—Frederick W. Eacott, Esq., Samuel A. Neal, Esq., Isaac Withers, Esq., and E. T. Turner, Esq.—a number of circulars concerning another beneficent concern registered as "Quarterly Dividends, Ltd.," and we are solicited to expose Taverner so that more victims of his fraudulent cupidity may not fall further into his clutches. As far back as January 22nd this year, we made a few unpleasant remarks about Taverner in connection with "Quarterly Dividends, Ltd.," which we described as "another cunning ruse to provide him with a means of livelihood. Any circular, therefore, which bears his name should be completely disregarded." Now, nine months later, we repeat the advice with added fervour. For years William Taverner pursued his fraudulent way, extracting, by means of his various plausible schemes, cash from the humblest and those least able to stand the inevitable loss. The cool effrontery of this notorious swindler was so great that, notwithstanding our repeated exposures of his nefarious operations, it was not until 1918 that our efforts brought him to book.

The nicest "refresher" for your party is

STONE'S GINGER WINE



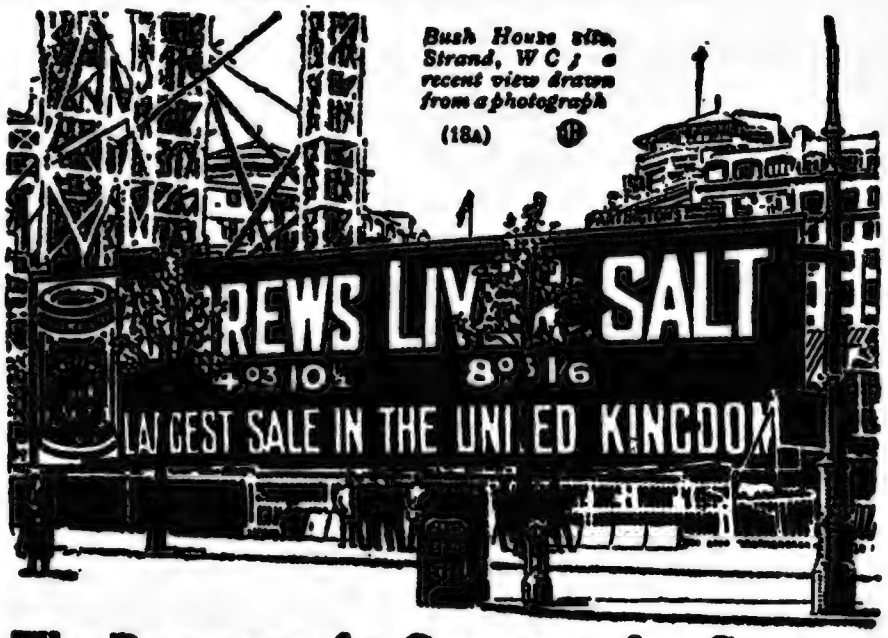
—a splendid tonic and digestive.

Famous since 1740.

In bottles from Licensed Grocers, etc., and sold by the glass at all Bars, Buffets, Theatres, etc.

Be sure you get STONE'S—Look for the name on the LABEL.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Stone's Ginger Wine, Finchbury, London, E.C.1.


Bush House with Strand, W.C.2 a recent view drawn from a photograph
(18A)
REWS LIV SALT
4 03 10½ 8 03 1/6
LARGEST SALE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

The Progress of a Quarter-of-a-Century

The new Factory is turning out more Tins of Andrews' *in an hour* than would have been *a week's output* in the beginning—twenty-five years ago

The huge new mixers are turning! every minute hundreds of busy workpeople are making, filling, weighing and packing, in an endeavour *to keep pace* with demand . . Further machinery is being installed now.

The very obvious explanation of the success of Andrews' Liver Salt is that it supplies a household need. . . In helping *to maintain the family Health*, it has made friends far and wide. . . . Its sale—the largest in the United Kingdom if not in the whole wide World—is the reward of merit. . . 4 oz. (NET) Tin 10½d. 8 oz. (NET) Family Tin 1/6.

Take care that you get the genuine Andrews' in the familiar green Tin.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores throughout Great Britain & Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to.

SCOTT and TURNER, Ltd., NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

Pre-War Style Again!

Being now able to get the ingredients most suitable for our famous

CAFÉ AU LAIT

"MILKMAID" BRAND

it again leaves no "grounds" for complaint and is obtainable at all Grocers

Sold Everywhere. Cash Prices, 11d. and 1/9d. per tin.

If any diffi... write direct to

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THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose Trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any Trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

WORK: MY PL

Two Practical Suggestions for Solv

By THE E

SINCE in *Sunday Illustrated* a fortnight ago I dealt with the problem of unemployment, making "They *Must* Have Work" my slogan—and following the matter up in more detail in JOHN BULL—I have been inundated with correspondence, mostly of a very encouraging nature, and urging me to continue hammering away at the Government until it drops all the vague theoretical "remedies" which it is at present considering and comes down to practical politics. When men and women are starving in thousands, and two million people, largely consisting of ex-Service men, are walking about the streets in search of work, what is the good of talking about adjusting foreign exchanges, giving export credits and other economic nonsense of that kind? What the men want, and want without further delay, is *work*; and until private employers are in a position to offer it—which, for many reasons, few of them are able at present to do—it is the duty of the State to look around and find sources of profitable employment for all willing hands. Relief—a horried word—through the various Boards of Guardians and out-of-work donations should be purely tentative palliatives, to be abandoned at the earliest possible moment. They are undignified and offensive, and in principle utterly unsound—and, of course, they represent a definite charge upon the taxpayers and ratepayers, many of whom, heaven knows, are having a hard enough time of it already.

My Labour Loan Scheme.

What, then, should the Government do? Obviously the first thing is to find the money. I have shown how this can be done—and done easily. Let the Government issue a special Labour Loan of one hundred million pounds, carrying six per cent. interest, three per cent. being paid to every holder of the stock and the remaining three per cent. being utilised as a prize fund, with periodical drawings on the principle of the Credit National Bonds of France. I have already set out my idea of the prizes, ranging from £50,000 down to £5 notes, and almost every letter I get on the subject expresses the eagerness of the writer to participate in such an issue. I therefore appeal to my friend Sir Robert Horne, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to throw all canting shibboleths on one side, and to issue the Loan I have suggested. I remember when, during the Budget debate in the House of Commons a few months ago, I renewed my old plea for a Prize Bond issue—although I had not at that time the Unemployment problem specifically in mind—the Chancellor, in replying, thanked me for this and other suggestions, and stated that they should have his most careful consideration, and that he certainly "would not at the moment rule any of them out." I now call upon him to announce his decision. As I have previously stated, the Loan could be underwritten without the slightest difficulty, and there is no question whatever that it would be eagerly subscribed. I have also offered, free of any charge, to place my services at the disposal of the Government in connection with the project—and I say deliberately, as I shall certainly say in the House of Commons, that to throw away such an opportunity of securing the necessary funds for providing work for the unemployed is nothing short of a crying scandal.

The Work to be Done.

Well, assuming we have the money, what work are we going to put in hand? Of course, there will be the repairing of existing roads, the construction of new arteries, the building of bridges for all railway level crossings—which are a constant source of peril to the public—afforestation, land reclamation, and the demolition of slums and the erection of decent sanitary houses. These things, however, are but the commonplaces of the problem, greatly as they would ameliorate the present labour situation. What I want to see is something on a larger and more ambitious scale, sound in principle, profitable in character and of permanent value to the State. And in this connection there are two schemes, to which for years past I have given special attention, which I intend to press for all I am worth upon the Government. The first is the construction of the Channel Tunnel, and the second is the restoration, unification, standardisation and linking up of the inland waterways of the country.

The Channel Tunnel.

Why on earth cannot this great project be taken in hand? Of course there will have to be an agreement with France, but I have good reason to believe her consent would readily be accorded. And think what labour would be absorbed. To begin with, the thousands of Kentish miners now out of work would be keenly sought after, and, with their special skill and experience, would undoubtedly command good wages. Then, there is scarcely a trade—engineering, carpentering, masonry, and so on—which would not be requisitioned. And with French workmen operating from the other side, every day would bring us nearer to the completion of a scheme which, whilst in no way jeopardising the advantages of our present insular position, would remedy all its defects. There is no necessity to waste words on the military bogey. I am almost tempted to say that in the remote event of war with France, or of any other Continental trouble, rendering it necessary for the communication to be cut, I would undertake to hold the enemy at bay with a pop-gun. Yes, we must complete that Tunnel. After paying the entire cost of its production, we should still have a big surplus out of the Labour Loan for my other scheme. And now think for a moment of the commercial aspect of the matter. As I pointed out in *Sunday Illustrated* last week, 30,000 people a day and 30,000 tons of merchandise could be carried through the Tunnel, and with the revenue equally divided between Britain and France, the income should be sufficient not only to pay liberal interest upon the cost of construction, but to provide a sinking fund for redemption of capital. Here, then, is a Business proposition; and whether it be adopted now or later on, I am certain that the historian of the future, as he is

RIP VAN WINKLE A

ANS IN FULL.

ving the Unemployment Problem.

EDITOR.

called, will marvel at the precious years which were wasted before setting it on foot.

Our Inland Waterways.

Now, what about the canals of the United Kingdom? Of course, here we come into direct conflict with many railway companies and other transport monopolists, who, in the absence of cheap canal traffic, are enabled to extort extravagant charges for the carriage of merchandise, raw material, etc. Indeed, it is due largely to the influence of these capitalistic "rings" that our canals have been allowed to fall into disuetude, many of them having been bought up by the railway companies and deliberately allowed to run to ruin. And yet there is still existing the basis of a national network of waterways which, if unified, and with standardised locks and barges, could take goods from one end of the United Kingdom to the other, collecting agricultural produce and material at a thousand centres and carrying it to the various towns at rates which would give an enormous stimulus to home manufactures and to farming. During recent years there have been fugitive projects to grapple with this great scheme, and at one time—when the Liberal Government of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman came into power at the beginning of 1906—it looked as though something were really to be done. We had a Royal Commission which sat for three years and finally made most valuable suggestions, all of which have apparently been pigeonholed. Here again an enormous quantity of labour of every description could be utilised, and, as the Royal Commission pointed out, the canals, by the levying of quite moderate tolls, would soon become self-supporting; and—as in the case of the Channel Tunnel—the advantages accruing to the State would be enormous. What, then, stands in the way? One thing, and one thing only. Lack of vision and of imagination on the part of the Government. The worst of it is we have no real Labour party in the House of Commons, competent to understand and initiate big commercial projects. Good, well-meaning fellows as they are, few of them have had any wide practical experience of affairs, and by training and instinct are in the habit of looking at everything through their own particular Trade Union spectacles, guided by non-constructive and meaningless shibboleths. However, I trust that I may secure their sympathetic consideration of the two schemes I have "adumbrated," as we say in the House of Commons—in which event, backed up by my Independent Group, we can soon force the Government to "get a move on." I shall not let the matter drop. When Parliament assembles in a few months' time, I shall have no other concern than to force these concrete suggestions upon the notice of the Government and demand immediate action. As I said at the beginning, all this talk of establishing foreign credits and arranging for a "revival of trade," which, at the best, will take years to mature, is entirely beside the mark; and I am not surprised that a section of the unemployed should be growing desperate and lending a ready ear to the suggestions of unscrupulous agitators. It would be astonishing if something of the sort did not happen, and we may congratulate ourselves that such disturbances as have occurred have been on a small scale, and free from anything like a serious attempt to overthrow the social order. But it would be shameful to presume much further on the patience of those who, through want of work, have been reduced to an extremity of suffering which it is not easy for those of us who are comfortably circumstanced even to imagine. At any rate, I am taking my stand firmly upon the definite proposals I have put forward, and until a better plan is produced I shall continue to hammer away at the details of what I affirm is the only feasible plan which has yet seen the light of day. There are two courses—and two only—open to us at the present time.

WAKENED AT LAST!

Honourable Labour for All!

We must either maintain these thousands of workless men in idleness, thereby adding enormously to the ratepayers' burden, with no prospect of a tangible return upon the money advanced; or, alternatively, we must set them to work upon enterprises which, before many years are over, will provide a golden harvest of profit. I have dealt specially this week with the Channel Tunnel scheme and the improvement of our Canal system, because these two projects are immediately practicable, and afford, as I believe, the greatest certainty of a substantial return. There are, however, many other classes of work which, as I have said, might very well be undertaken with an almost equal hope of profit, and with the certainty of adding enormously to the comfort of the public. The state of the main roads in many parts of the country is a positive scandal, and since this work will sooner or later have to be put in hand, unless the public highways are to become a shambles, I suggest that it should be undertaken at once—while hungry men are clamouring for jobs and thousands of capable workers eating the bread of idleness. It is amazing to me that this simple and outstanding remedy for a desperate situation should not be immediately seized upon by the Government, who, so far, do not appear to have taken any serious step towards a solution of the problem. Really, I am beginning to have grave misgivings as to the earnestness of their intentions. It passes belief that the Prime Minister, with all his mental ingenuity and agility of resource, should confess himself beaten by a set of difficulties which are as nothing compared with those which, while the War lasted, he surmounted with conspicuous success. I am afraid the fact of the matter is that our rulers have not yet accepted the principle which I laid down at the outset of this series of articles—namely, that if a man who has served his country well and faithfully in the war is willing to work, yet unable to find it, then that work must be found for him at no matter what sacrifice of abstruse economic principles or worn-out political shibboleths. There I started, and there I stand. There is no other way. They *must* have work!

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MRS. WINTRINGHAM, M.P.

"Ah! I thought you couldn't resist coming to see me, ma'am! I don't orfen 'ave ladies through my 'ands, but it's always a pleasure w'en it does 'appen. . . . Wot kin I do for you? . . . . *Jest a nice modest wave?* Cert'n'y. Come this way, if you please, ma'am. The ladies' room is on the first floor. I must say I was pleased w'en I 'eard you 'ad won Louth. Not thet I'm altogether in favour of wimmin in Parliament, but becos I thought it was on'y right thet if we must 'ave wimmin there, they should be British-born. Thet's wot's got my goat all the time about Lady Astor, you know. It ain't thet I've got no prejudice against her personally; but I 'ate the idea of an American party wot's become a British subjec' by the *haccidint* o' marriage, sorter bossin' it over us in the 'Ouse o' Commons. . . .

* * *

Now, with you it's diff'rent, ma'am. Your late 'usband represented Louth in the 'Ouse, an' you, I take it, in followin' in 'is footsteps will also foller 'is policy. W'ich is as it should be. Now, may I give you a word or two of advice, ma'am—meanin' no offence? . . . *You'll be pleased to 'ear an' profit by anythink I may say?* Now, thet's very nice an' womanly of you, ma'am—not to say modest, as it should be. Now, in the first place, don't you try to model yourself on Lady Astor. I know your politics ain't the same, but there's a danger thet you may sort of unconsciously imitate 'er, she bein' your senior in the 'Ouse, an' the first woman thet's ever sat there. I warn you not to copy 'er if you kin 'elp it, becos she's got 'erself disliked. She seems to 'ave a sorter witherin' contempt for men, w'ich is a little strange w'en you remembers as she married two—one at a time, *o' course*, ma'am. I 'ope, too, ma'am, thet you 'aven't got no pronounced "pussyfoot" ideas, like wot she 'as. Men don't like bein' dictated to by wimmin as to wot they shell drink, 'ow they shell drink, an' w'en they shell drink. Thet is wot they calls a prerogative wot they're mighty jealous of. Men wot's grow'd up like to decide them things for theirselves. So if you take my advice you'll steer clear o' them subjec's.

* * *

My advice to you, ma'am, is to concern yourself more about things wot affect the kiddies, *an'* the wimmin, fer thet matter. But leave the men alone. They kin look arfter theirselves—not 'arf! You know suthink about the cost of 'ousekeepin'. You know wot 'igh prices means in the 'ome. Them's the sort o' questions you oughter take an int'rest in arfter you've taken your seat. An' thet remin's me: 'oo's goin' ter introjooce yer? I don't see 'ow Lady Astor could very well, becos you ain't both in the same perlitical camp. But I s'pose it'll 'appen all the same. 'Oo I *should* like to see you introjooced by is 'Oratio Bottomley an' Lloy' George! . . . . No, I ain't talkin' nonsense. I mean it. You, the first Englishwoman to set in the 'Ouse o' Commons, 'as a right to be introjooced by the two M.P.s wot's done more then any others to win the wore! . . . Thank you, ma'am. Goo'-day. I'm 'appy to 'ave bin of service to yer! . . ."

EXTRA TURNS.

BY PUBLIC PATTERERS.

EDMUND BARNES, ESQ., J.P.

Chorus of Chairmen of Licensing Benches!

We're "pussyfoot" Chairmen of Licensing Benches,
With a "down" upon alcohol, music, and wenches;
We consider that he who drinks after ten-thirty
Is guilty of conduct amounting to dirty!
So *we* have decided—we most moral men!—
To limit the hours to thirty past ten!
For the needs of the public we don't care a jot:
We know—none better—what's good for them, what?
The intention of Parliament doesn't concern us—
We vote for ten-thirty—and nothing will turn us!

PATTER: Never heard of me before, have you?. . . Ah, I thought not. I've been worrying about that for some time. I've been as keen as Colman's to get into the limelight—and now I've achieved my ambition. I've been mentioned by name in the papers. Not in the *local* papers only, mind you, but in the London dailies—the great London dailies! That's something for a man like me, isn't it? It isn't as though I was in "Who's Who." I'm not—for some mysterious reason. I shall see Messrs. Black, the publishers, about that shortly. My colleagues—Chairmen of other Licensing Benches in and round about London—haven't been mentioned by name, up to now, so the whole honour is mine! *I'm* the man who is going to flout the House of Commons and get the closing hour of bars and public-houses fixed at 10.30 instead of 11.0 p.m.! *I'm* going to put a stop to these little supper parties after the theatre! *I* don't indulge in that sort of thing myself, and consequently don't see why other people should. That's logic, isn't it? Ten-thirty p.m. is late enough for anybody to be out—excepting policemen, and I'm not a policeman. Some of our critics say we are attempting to take away the rights of the consumer under the Act. So we are. I don't deny it. I glory in it! It is a great thing when half-a-dozen or so Chairmen of London Licensing Benches can flout an Act of Parliament. It makes us feel so frightfully powerful and important, you know. Otherwise, what are we—really? Simply insignificant units of the Great Unpaid! . . . *Who* am I? My *dear* sir! Don't rub it in. You've heard of St. Pancras, haven't you? Very well, then; I'm Chairman of the St. Pancras Licensing Justices—and don't you forget it! Barnes is my name.

I'm Barnes of St. Pancras, of "pussyfoot" fame!
To curtail the hours of drinking my aim!
For the needs of the public I don't care a toss;
Whatever they lose, well—it isn't *my* loss!
The intention of Parliament doesn't concern me;
I vote for ten-thirty—and nothing will turn me!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Harrow Observer and Gazette":—"The Rev. Edwin Tongue has THROWN OVER THE REINS to a successor, who will start his work with A CRAFT IN FULL SAIL UNDER A FAVOURABLE BREEZE."

"Daily Express":—"A Paris-London air mail machine PILOTED BY SOME TREES . . . ran into a heavy mist."

"Bow Bells":—"Nance's HEART beat madly in her THROAT."

"Sunday Chronicle":—"Mr. Campbell has TRIED SEVERAL FOOTBALL COMPETITIONS, but this is the first time he has ever won a prize, and, singularly enough, it was his FIRST ATTEMPT."

"Sheffield Daily Telegraph":—"No applications for admission . . . will be entertained after September 30th unless the applicant has not been DEMOLISHED or discharged for more than a year."

"Daily News":—"Isbel . . . rested her ELBOW ON THE WINDOW-SILL and HER FACE ON HER ELBOW."

"Sports Mercury" (Leicester):—"(They) were pretty roundly condemned . . . for what in many quarters was regarded as a LAMENTABLE LACK OF WEAKNESS."

"Strand Magazine":—"'This glass was not used for liqueur last night, so HE WAS KILLED BEFORE HE DRANK,' the Commissioner said."

"Chard and Ilminster News":—"The VEHICLES appear to have been UNABLE TO SEE EACH OTHER coming round the corner."

"Shields Daily News" (serial story):—"From HER BOYHOOD upwards she had been taught to believe that . . . the sacrifice for one, for the good of many, was little short of pure and religious law."

"Red Letter Novels":—"She knew that the BLIND MAN was WATCHING her."

"Worcester Daily Times":—"The duellists at first attempted to settle their dispute with SWORDS, and each FIRED TWICE AT A DISTANCE OF 20 YARDS."

"Northamptonshire Evening Telegraph":—"The Quest will set out . . . into the unknown, although, it is hoped, always in touch with civilisation through her POWERLESS wireless installation."

"Daily Mail":—"The CIGARETTE was brushed off the horse's back by the constable only AFTER IT HAD COLLIDED WITH THREE VANS AND A MOTOR-OMNIBUS."

"Halifax Daily Courier and Guardian":—"The eye can pick out SHADES OF LIGHT AND COLOUR, and so also can the EAR."

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

This week we announce the first number of a splendid weekly paper for children, the *Boy's Pictorial*. The girls will like it, too.

Gibbs offer a sample of their dentifrice and a children's pretty little gift book for 2d. to cover postage.

Theo. Noel Co. send a month's supply of their remedy, on the understanding that no payment will be asked if the results are not satisfactory.

John Noble, Ltd., offer ladies' tweed coats from 20s., and send their Bargain Catalogue free.

Newey's £100 Cash Prize Competition is comparatively simple.

Geo. Williams and Co. are selling ready-made Government overcoats for 31s. 6d.

Sartor Manufacturing Co. send patterns, etc., of their 20s. raincoats free—these garments are excellent value.

Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd., are issuing free booklets concerning two of their publications.

There are many other tempting opportunities set out in the advertisement columns, and in the "Small Adverts. Worth Watching," on page 17.

The Advertisement Guarantee will be found on page 9.

Are you reading "Reminiscences of the ex-Speaker" in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED?

TAKE THE

PINE-FOREST CURE AT HOME

& END BRONCHITIS & ALL COUGHS & COLDS.

THE healing effect of Peps on the lungs, throat and chest is so remarkably like the famous Alpine air that a handy box of Peps is described as "A Pine Forest in Every Home."

Peps resemble the far-famed Pine-Forest Cure in that they owe their efficacy to certain medicinal "air" which is emitted by the tablets as they dissolve in the mouth.

The Peps home treament, in fact, solves the problem of introducing direct into the lungs a real breatheable medicine that destroys germs and is most effective in curing Coughs, Colds and Bronchitis.

This novel Peps medicine, compressed into handy tablet form, is perfectly volatile, and by its direct aid the vulnerable parts of the throat and chest are efficiently protected against the perils of infection by germs and any sudden changes in the weather.

It is their soothing and far-reaching influence that causes Peps to be so appreciated by the weak-chested and bronchial and throat sufferers, whilst the freedom of Peps from harmfu drugs makes these famous tablets invaluable for Children and Old Folks.

2/- and 5/- a box of all Chemists and Stores, or from The Peps Co., Leeds. See the name PEPS on every Box and on every Tablet.

PEPS The Novel BREATHEABLE Remedy

"Manikins"

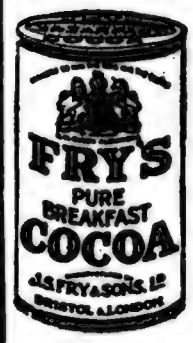
The Little Cigar with the Big Sale.

MANIKINS combine *the convenience of a cigarette* with that satisfying Mild-Havana-Flavour of a choice and costly cigar.

10 for 1/8

15 in a pocket case for 2/6

You can get added strength and energy by drinking



Fry's Pure Breakfast Cocoa

at Breakfast and Supper (or any other time) and you'll enjoy the "chocolate" flavour.

a Government Overcoat for 31/6

Original Price £3·3·0

Warmth for the Winter

ASTOUNDING VALUE in Overcoats, made from Government Tested Scotch and English Tweeds.

This is an offer that should be snapped up immediately. Think of the warmth and comfort of a substantial winter overcoat. Think of the price you would have to pay for one if it were not for this offer.

The sound, cosy, hard-wearing cloth these overcoats were made from is of ideal winter weight. It is THE CLOTH that makes them such astounding value.

The illustration shows the cut and style of the overcoats. When you feel one on your back you will congratul te yourself on the best clothing bargain you ever secured.

Hundreds of clothiers have stocks of this bargain offer. But go immediately as the supply is limited.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining one of the coats, send your height and chest measurement and state the shade you would like (but send no money). You will be supplied within a few days through a retail house.

WHOLESALE ONLY:
GEO. WILLIAMS & CO., LTD.,
33-37, Alfred Place, Tottenham Ct. Rd., London, W.

TOMMY, JACK AND BADGERS.

OUR PLEDGE:—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

They Give Them Socks:—A company of the 2nd Worcesters at Portobello Barracks, Dublin, tell us that their week's pay recently consisted of three pairs of socks each. Perhaps a hint from somebody that Tommy should put his foot in it! All the same, the "Old Man" should look after his command.

Mick's "Music":—All regular Irish regiments are forthwith to be provided with "war bagpipes," and flutes and piccolos are to be withdrawn.

Half a Loaf!:—A large building is being erected in Uxbridge, and a married Badger with four children is engaged as night watchman. His pay is threepence an hour, and he puts in 119 hours a week! Who would be a starving Badger at the mercy of the profiteer?

Give Them Their Money:—The men who served in the Royal Defence Force, Watford, tell us that for their period of service there is due to them 9d. a day, which they cannot get, although they are made fat with empty promises. We must look further into this matter, as we strongly object to those who served us in our hour of national agony being "twisted."

A Palestine Complaint:—The laundry work of our boys in Palestine is done by contract—the natives undertaking the job. Easterns are proverbially slack, and we hear from our soldiers that when their washable property is lost, strayed, or stolen, they have to replace it out of their own pockets.

The "Last Post":—According to an Army Council instruction, no more military funerals of men returned to civil life who die in consequence of war service will be financed by the War Office—the onus being placed on the War Pensions Committees.

From Headquarters:—The ex-Service men clerks in General Headquarters, Dublin, have approached us about their grievances. We cannot do better than leave the matter in the hands of General Macready—one of the fairest men that ever donned uniform. He will see it through.

For the Officer Commanding:—It would be worth while for the O.C. of the 2nd Seaforths in Meerut to inquire why the members of his sergeants' mess are so bitterly discontented, and why short-service members are not extending, while others forfeit a proportion of their pensions in order to get clear of the battalion. Perhaps some warrant officer is to blame.

***Malaya* Ahoy!:**—The crew of H.M.S. *Malaya* send us a budget of grievances, chiefly concerning leave. Knowing what we do of the present friendly conditions between the ratings and commanders of our military ships, we are certain that the "owner" of the *Malaya* will muster his men and inquire when he reads this.

Jack's Money:—The following award of salvage money is now ready for distribution: Salvage of s.s. *Coya* by H.M. Tug *Nero*, on the 4th March, 1919.

A Cruel Rumour:—We are glad to contradict the rumour that eight men were drowned at Riga, by the upsetting of one of H.M.S. *Castor's* boats.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From B. S. J., Norwich:—"I am writing to let you know that your efforts to obtain for me my pension, that has been so long overdue, have been successful, and I am pleased to say I received the first payment yesterday. I send you my sincere thanks for the trouble taken by you, and for the prompt way you answered my communication, which contrasts greatly with the lax methods they have at the Ministry of Pensions."

RACING NOTES.

(*All enquiries in respect of sporting matters will be dealt with in the correspondence columns of the* Sporting Life.)

The Duke of York Stakes.

Abbots Trace, Square Measure, Grandcourt, Charlebelle and Highlander have only to run for this race for it to be treated to a full dress rehearsal for the Cambridgeshire. It is all in Grandcourt's favour that he has run all his best races at Kempton, though Abbots Trace is a horse of rather better class.

The Cesarewitch.

Harrier has been going so well in his work since he ran at Manchester that he is certain to hold his own with all comers, though we must defer making a definite selection until next week. Tishy's prospects, however, look favourable.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

Bath—Wednesday.
Autumn Handicap—*Double Hackle.
Longbridge Nursery—His Excellency.
Moderate Plate—Bouleverse.

Bath—Thursday.
Bathway Nursery—Maid of Mull.
Somerset Handicap—Desert Flower.
Long Distance Plate—Prince Cadmus.

Haydock Park—Wednesday.
October Handicap—Teressken.
Newton Nursery—Bulldog Drummond.
Aston Sweepstake—*Kingston Hill.

Haydock Park—Thursday.
Maiden Handicap—Nymphida.
Autumn Handicap—*Petrea.
Park Sweepstakes—False Alarm.

Kempton Park—Friday.
Queen Elizabeth Handicap—Aldersey.
Imperial Produce Plate—*Sicyon.
Thames Plate—Superstition.

Kempton Park—Saturday.
Nursery Handicap—Zoomp.
Duke of York Stakes—*Abbots Trace.
Black Prince Stakes—Lady Sliepner.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at* 93, *Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

The Commonest Case:—A man who cannot obtain work tramped around London, wearing his boots off in vain. The four kiddies "cannot understand it"—while there is a very delicate wife. Their "help" is a grocery grant from the Union.

Think What He's Seen!—A sailor who signed on knowingly for practically certain death at Zeebrugge escaped with a wound, and is now on tramp. We substantially helped him on his way.

A "Wrong 'Un."—A "man" came to us with a letter purporting to be from a clergyman, guaranteeing that he, his wife, and three children were starving. He obtained a grant on the strength of the letter, but was suspected. Three friends were waiting for him in a local caravanserai, and he threw down our £1 "Fisher" for whiskies for himself and his pals. Our agent picked up the note and assured the "wrong 'un" that it would be immediately replaced in the Fund—which was done. We safeguard your contributions.

Buried the Dead:—During the week we had unusually heavy calls upon us to save the dead from the hated parish funeral.

Poor Little Blossoms!:—Two poor little children, with congenital disease, had never seen the country, but were promised a week there "out of a fund." As a condition precedent they had to be in possession of clothing, and their parents to put down a little money. We saw the mites through.

THEY—AND OUR DEBT TO THEM.

You are not tired of our appeals, for the good-hearted never weary of doing philanthropic work. There are the multi-millionnaires and millionaires who give an odd dole to charities to "save their souls," and knowing that they will find praise in the newspapers. But you, our valued friends, send your shilling or your pound without any ulterior motive—insuring yourselves for the Hereafter or otherwise.

Remember that the bulk of the poor fellows who are now starving with their wives and children are those whom you saw in London in droves from the Front on leave, grey-faced, burdened with their equipment, nursing their beloved rifles—for the rifle is to the infantryman his wife and greatest pal. You remember them in those days that now seem so dim. They carried on their greatcoats from France and Flanders the mud of the trenches where they, hence, stood between the Hun and you. They withstood the hellish bombardment for us, they risked the deadly liquid flame-thrower to keep the German foe from you, your wife, and your innocent child who could not understand things, and they were choked and ruined for life with the murderous poison gas.

"Then they came back," like the "Glorious Six Hundred" of immortal fame who rode against an army in position in the Crimea. More than one of those who rode with the Light Brigade died in a British workhouse, notwithstanding the stirring words of our Poet Laureate of the time concerning them.

"Himmel!"—to use a German word. When our fellows were doing the deeds of demi-gods against the apparently impossible beyond, when the throbbing of the guns could almost be felt in town, and when hospital train after hospital train "evacuated" its load of maimed men in the London termini, you cheered and fluttered your handkerchiefs and threw up your hats, the mauled lying-down cases in the ambulances trying to wave their arms to you by way of saying "Thanks, only too pleased to have been half killed in trying to save you." And now many of them are drinking of the bitter cup. Will *you* help?

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

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ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR.

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Important Preparations.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Stock Exchange Committee have been corresponding about the restoration of fortnightly accounts on the Stock Exchange, and the former has thrown out a hint that, if evidence is adduced that the remnants of the pre-war account have been further reduced between now and January, the necessary permission may be granted. This does not necessarily mean that speculative business will be then resumed, or that contango facilities will be revived, enabling the financial public to run speculative accounts by paying interest charges on them and putting up or receiving "differences" once a fortnight. It will probably be some time before Throgmorton Street gets back to that condition, if ever it does.

What They Mean.

If fortnightly accounts are re-established, however, the public will be able to secure short speculative runs by buying early in a fortnightly period, knowing that stock will not have to be paid for until the next settlement and may be sold at a profit before then. This should bring more business to the Stock Exchange, which lately has been loudly lamenting the lack of it. Incidentally, also, it will tend to enforce delivery of stock within a stated time, when the public wants it, instead of enabling insiders to withhold delivery and remain short of stock for an almost indefinite time, as is now the case. To clear up the old market "wreckage," however, may cause a good deal of forced selling during the next three months, in which case things may be worse before they are better.

Argentine Rail Confusion.

I was glad to be able to chronicle a few weeks ago that the Argentine Railway market had taken a turn for the better, but quotations in this market after going up like a rocket have now come down like the stick. The improvement in values was based upon the Argentine Government's permission to the railways to raise their rates. These were accordingly advanced as from September 1st. Now the permission has been cancelled by a Governmental Executive decree, and the railways are back to their starting point. The Government's *volte face* is amazing even for an Argentine administration. It has been specially hurtful to the market, because the rate increase, having stimulated current earnings, was expected to be a factor in ameliorating directors' dividend decisions in respect of the past half year, which was admittedly a lean period. Hence the slump, and the fresh shock to confidence in Argentine securities generally.

One Up For the Chancellor.

Trade may be bad and resultant unemployment may be straining our resources. The Budget may be in tatters and the general outlook more than a little obscure, but it must be admitted that in the face of these troubles Sir Robert Horne has been handling the money market with some success. He has no *flair* or inventiveness in the matter of special borrowing, but he has managed to bring down steadily the rate at which he borrows on Treasury Bills, and now the new series of Treasury Bonds is to be offered at 98 instead of 97, which gives the country an extra £1 for each £100 Bond.

A Promising Share.

Mexican securities remain very confident, and capital is moving much more freely towards that country owing to its steady political and monetary improvement. If the financial conference now sitting in Mexico City achieves a settlement of the foreign debt problem, we shall probably see a big flare-up in Mexican things all round. Mexican mines have lately joined the advance and have been additionally stimulated by the spurt in the price of silver. Santa Gertrudis and El Oros have come up moderately and El Progresos have rallied to par. The last-named on analysis are the most promising of the group, and are a share with many "bull" points to discount. Mining operations, suspended since the revolution, are being resumed, and the Company, having re-organised its finances, has, I am told, also acquired important oil interests. So, in all the circumstances, the shares look cheap at 5s.

Why Annuities?

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Gentlemen, the Chair!

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 98, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

REUBEN BIGLAND, BIRMINGHAM.—We have to thank a very large number of readers for interesting information which they have been good enough to supply to us respecting this individual against whom criminal proceedings are being instituted in respect of a scurrilous circular which he has been extensively circulating for some time past, and containing gross libels upon the Editor of this journal.

M. B. S. (Edinburgh).—Your suggestion for augmenting our "Greatest of These—" Fund shall be carefully considered. Meanwhile, every little helps, as the old woman said when she spat in the sea.

E. P. (Redhill).—We quite agree with you about the Germans. Nothing like brains, is there?

F. C. (Wickford).—Glad you approved last week's "big article." Trust nothing wrong with the little 'uns.

J. M. (Auld Reekie).—Fancy hearing from you twice in one week! Seemed like our honeymoon over again.

"LONDONER" (Michigan, U.S.A.).—So you think Canada wants to be annexed to the United States. Thanks for warning us.

J. J. (Leith).—Sorry, but we take no stock in "lady hypnotists." Mother warned us.

M. M. (Southampton).—Much interested in your view of what Germany would have done if she had won the war. That "if" makes a diff.

"REFORMER" (Neyland).—We are glad that "in the main" you approve our Unemployment articles. Go on chewing what you can't swallow.

J. P. (Glasgow).—We note that you entirely approve of the Mormons. Afraid you are less chaste than we might wish.

Miss D. F. M. (Clapham Park, S.W.).—Nice of you to admire our "splendid manliness." Bless your heart, you're like all the girls.

O. G. D. (West Ealing, W.).—Glad you were so pleased with our "Message to the Unemployed." You may be interested to know that it was composed without the aid of stimulants.

"PINKIE."—Our "comps" were much nettled at your criticism of their typesetting. One of them swore for an hour.

E. S. T. (Maidenhead).—We note you discovered a mistake in our last issue but one. Bet you swanked in the "Pig and Whistle."

T. C. (Forest Gate).—"You have only to look along the Epping Road any bright Sunday morning . . ." We would, if we could drag ourselves away from our religious duties.

C. E. (Harrow).—"I have ofttimes considered your leading article worthy of the best attention." Laddie, so have we!

MRS. N. (Sittingbourne).—"I know you are clever." In point of fact, the curate predicted as much at our christening.

P. O. K. (Liverpool).—Your 14-page poem on the ex-Kaiser duly to hand. We could not get a stroke of work out of the staff till they had finished reading it.

E. J. (South Wales).—We note that you do not approve of missionaries. Are you fond of nuns?

H. A. Y. (Scarborough).—Sorry to hear of the man who was chucked out of the theatre for laughing at Charlie Chaplin. Perhaps he splashed the seat.

F. W. C. (Sheffield).—We strongly advise you to steer clear of matrimonial agencies—unless, of course, your intentions are strictly dishonourable.

J. W. (Kendal)—Your "unemployment grievance" noted. Kindly imagine yourself gushed over.

C. E. T. (Sheffield).—It might have been easier for you to "keep your name a secret" if someone hadn't gone and blabbed it to the Registrar of Births.

J. L. N. (London, N.).—It does not follow that because a man is married he is "fit to fight." The arts are distinct.

"LANCASHIRE LAD" (Burnley).—Our cartoonist has been informed that you liked his last effort "and more so the few lines beneath it." The latter observation, he says, is like your ruddy cheek.

"RASCAL" (Carshalton).—"Click" is not a nice word to use about getting to Heaven. Sounds more like the Hammersmith Broadway.

MRS. M. A. H. (Ipswich).—We ordered the office boy to paste up your "acrostic" on the wall, but the young scamp stuck it face downwards. He gets worse every week.

A. S. (Weston-super-Mare).—"I am not an abstainer by any means." So we judged, from your handwriting.

J. H. (Homerton).—"Hope I do irishmans drop ze bom on you." We shall begin to think nobody loves us if you go on like that.

W. E. H. (St. George's).—"Have you been to see about your taxes?" No; but they've been to see us about them, which is just as good, if not better.

P. J. G. (Blackrock, Dublin).—"I take a very great interest in your observations in the *Daily Sketch*." How can you take an interest in what don't exist?

U. M. (King's Norton).—"A bottle of strong tincture of ginger can be bought for about 1s. 8d." Hang the expense—we will send one to each member of the Government!

C. R. P. (London, W.).—Thanks for your letter, but we really wouldn't like to be rude to the Pope. Sounds as though you were brought up on the snaffle.

E. P. M. (London, S.W.).—Your verse to hand. If you had your desserts you would be buried in Westminster Abbey.

T. H. J. (Durham).—"I take your paper in and none can touch it." Sounds as though you've got dirty habits.

B. C. M. (Plaistow, E.).—Your railway friend is not the only one who "works in a public-house week-ends." Stiff elbow-joints on Mondays are an infallible sign.

F. B. (Plumstead, S.E.).—Thanks for essay on the League of Nations. Your style reminds us of the Bard of Avon.

W. J. L. (Southampton).—Your parcel of used stationery to hand. Accept best regards and a kiss for the missus.

K. G. (Chedwick).—Thanks for poem, which our head clerk means to kid his sweetheart that he wrote himself.

D. D. (Newcastle).—We note that you have invented a locomotive that goes without fuel. We heard of one before, but the plaguey thing would go only down hill.

"A WOMAN" (Ireland).—We had not heard of "the organ of the Apostleship of Prayer." Sounds rather dinky.

E. C. B. (Reigate).—Your "limerick" to hand. We have seen worse—but not much worse.

R. J. A. (Edinburgh).—"I consider you are one of the ablest men of our time." Thanks for your consideration.

F. A. (Tamworth).—"Please keep my name a secret." We have banged, barred, and bolted it in our 40 h.p. safe in the basement.

MISS A. L. (New York).—"I will celebrate the 3rd anniversary of my leaving England by writing you a few lines." Is New York State really as "dry" as all that?

H. (Chiswick).—"I want a £100 advance and I will give 50 per cent. for the loan." We have sometimes felt just like that ourselves.

J. (Dover).—Voting by secret ballot in the House of Commons would not do. Constituents are entitled to know what their representatives are up to.

A. J. B. (California).—"I was born in Twickenham." Ferry interesting.

C. A. (West Didsbury).—"Repetition is always stale." Nonsense! Does not the appetite grow with that it feeds upon?

D. M. (Painswick).—"It is very hard to be put aside for women." But you must not forget that women are often put aside for us.

S. T. (Warlingham).—"Your leading article in JOHN BULL of last week is very impressive indeed." Just our luck! That is the one we did not happen to write.

P. R. (Ipswich):—"I have been forced to take an office boy's job." What sort of job do you expect at 15½ years old? You ought to be at school.

V. N. (Hampstead).—"A lady wrote: Mr. Horatio, I'm longing, dear sir, to embrace you, oh!" Oh, oh!

D. M. (Winford).—Thanks for offer of verses for our "Weekly Cinema." If we do not use them it is out of pure kindness.

J. P. (Partick).—We agree that "after 40 years' work a man deserves a pension." He ought also, in our opinion, to be regaled with a meat tea.

MRS. H. W. (Lichfield).—Glad to hear Vaughan and Heather came up to the scratch on the appearance of our paragraph. We are afraid, however, there are further itches.

P. C. P. R. (Brighton).—Much interested in your invention "to prevent mud splashing sideways." Trust you did not overheat your brain.

W. E. S. (Birmingham).—"The Government kids the people." And gets their goat.

MISS S. S. (Woolwich, S.E.).—"I would be greatly indebted to you if you would read these verses." You would.

MISS E. G. (Wolverhampton).—Glad to know you were treated so civilly in Belgium. Any proposals?

R. G. D. (London, S.E.).—Afraid cannot send a representative to call upon you until you state more clearly the nature of your business. Unless, of course, you want to stand him a drink.

"JUSTICE" (London, N.W.).—We agree that it is hard lines for men to be "precipitated on to the streets." Anyone who says otherwise deserves to be pole-axed.

"DANIEL DEFOE" (Edinburgh).—Sorry we could not make head or tail of your communication. Do you play the flute?

H. D. F. (Gosnall).—Thanks for letter, but you shouldn't write on blotting paper. It has a mucky effect.

H. E. M. (London, W.).—We quite agree that there are "dangers in the use of paper currency." Fleas, for a start.

E. A. (Bourne).—Glad to have your explanation of the War Memorial incident at Salisbury, which is now as clear as mud.

H. W. H. (Edinburgh).—It is quite a long time since we heard from you. Been on the razzle?

A REAL BARGAIN—AT LAST.

326804, A.C.I. N. Emberton,
Special Flight, Royal Air Force, Oranmore.
10th July, 1921.

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your "John Bull" Pen, and after a thorough trial I have no hesitation in stating that it is the best pen I have ever written with. It is a real *bargain* on the part of the purchaser. I do not think any other praise of the pen necessary, bargains being obviously few nowadays.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) N. EMBERTON.

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By sending this coupon with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "JOHN BULL," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send 7 coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

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EVERY PEN IS GUARANTEED.

A. E. W. (London, W.C.).—We will take it from you that "good ex-Service men are careful with their buttons." So are we.

"READER" (Belvedere Road, S.E.).—Perhaps if you had sent your name and address we might have helped you. Are you fond of spinach?

"CONSTANT READER" (Croydon).—Glad to hear that when the painters went for their wages they "didn't want to lose anything." It might have been awkward in company.

"ANTI-HUN."—You are right about the Germans, but your handwriting gets our goat.

"READER" (London, N.E.).—"I want a peaceful time." Is that a dig at the missus?

"INNOCENT" (Grangemouth).—So glad you thought our Unemployment articles "touched the root of the evil." If you care to have them framed and hung up, we'll pay half the cost of the string.

M. A. V. (London, W.C.).—We have certainly never seen police "frog-march" woman in this country, although if anything of the kind did happen we should turn our head in case.

W. L. W. (Canterbury).—We hold no brief for "the unmarried wife." The mere suggestion makes us quite bilious.

"JOE'S SUPPORTERS" (Dublin).—"May we express our sympathy with Joe Beckett?" You may, and if you like to buy him some beer you have our full permission.

M. D. (Cardiff).—"I am a person that loves my neighbours as myself." That's all right—but, mind, no larks with the ladies!

J. P. (Newcastle).—Trust you'll soon find a job. Meanwhile, you might give the missus a hand.

"READER" (Greenwich).—"I have a great admiration for you." We could tell you were no fool.

E. M. W. (Trowbridge).—We note that you are "a direct descendant of Queen Elizabeth." So much for the yarn that she was "the Virgin Queen."

E. F. (Hull).—Your little girl evidently has the bump of humour. Does she take after you or the lodger?

"BILLIE" (Croydon).—"Will the present Viceroy have a good time in India?" No business of yours if he does.

"AJAX" (Manchester).—Your kind approval adds relish to our victuals.

"COUNTRY LAD."—We cannot recommend the scheme in question. Far better spend your money on fruit.

H. C. L. (Scunthorpe).—We note that in our recent articles you "could find nothing to cavil at." Rotten luck!

J. S. (Devonport).—"What about a reduction of rent?" That is a question you should address to your landlord next time you meet him sober.

A. J. M. (Putney, S.W.).—We note your opinion that Lloyd George is "overdoing it." It is nice to know that somebody feels for him.

J. H. B. (Brighton).—Thanks for "joke," which, between ourselves, we couldn't see. Nothing lewd, we trust.

"HARD WORKING ONE" (London, S.W.).—So you think panel doctors "ought to be stopped." Depends what they're at.

E. S. (St. Leonard's).—"I don't much hope you will publish this." Shows your sense.

"ADMIRER."—"JOHN BULL'S a good old paper with an Editor who's a man." That's true, and there are those who can prove it.

J. W. M. (Dingle).—If we said the young folks could legally marry you may take it it was O.K. We hate anything low.

A. F. (Huddersfield).—We do not understand your cryptic allusion to the monkey's dealings with the nuts. Presumably he ate them.

"WHISKERS" (Heaton Park).—"My people considered I married beneath myself." Never mind, dearie, as long as he doesn't sleep in his boots.

A. M. W. (Hampstead, N.W.).—You seem to have a poor opinion of the Churches. We agree that there's usually less draught in a pub.

MRS. E. M. (Birmingham).—You're a saucy young thing, if we're any judge of handwriting.

"POLO WALLER" (Barry).—Sorry to hear you lost your job "through the Chief Engineer." Do you mean that he swallowed your tools?

M. E. M-D. (Monte Carlo).—"I am going to take in *Sunday Illustrated*." Now, mind, that's a promise.

W. D. (Hornchurch).—"Mr. Lansbury is a gentleman, and not one of you are good enough to clean his boots." We had no idea he was so superior a person as that!

J. M. (Lurgan).—"Don't forget these animal acts are shown when the creature is trained—not while training." We don't; knowing too well that the sugar (if any) comes *after* the kick!

S. C. (Cheltenham).—"Surely the Government should set an example to private employers." There are quicker ways of getting ruined than by following the Government's example, but few as sure.

N. B. (Stockwell Park).—"You never wrap your language up for fear of treading on some big man's toes." No; and anyhow it is the other end of the man we are concerned with.

"ANXIOUS" (Walthamstow).—We think there is quite enough scope relieving distress in this country, without draining British funds to feed Bolshies.

"FRITZ" (Whitechapel).—"We Germans said 'You will always be fools' in 1914." But you also said "Germans would never be gentlemen." Which was a bull's-eye, anyway.

"EX-SOLDIER" (North Kensington)—"The Bucks County Council are replacing flappers by ex-soldiers." Good. We hope it Bucks up a lot of other councils and similar bodies.

T. McG. (Arbroath).—"No one has asked me to write this, and nobody knows I have done it." As you did it in purple ink on a postcard, you would appear to have taken scanty precautions.

B. G. (Wilton).—"Young men could bring their sweethearts and meet other friends." We fear you have forgotten a great poet's advice—"Never interdooce yer donah to a pal!"

O. C. (Peckham).—"Many of the London windows are too dirty to see through." Perhaps those inside don't want to see out. And the outside have no business to see in, anyhow.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

"TIME for cleaning my teeth, Mummy," say the eager little ones who know their Gibbs "Ivory Castle Fairy Book." Ten delightful stories make them *love* cleaning their teeth and helping the elves to protect their "Ivory Castles" against the attacks of Giant Decay and his Caries Imps.

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First choose any of the Forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you :—Example :—Fair Fight. Bullet :—For Seat in Parliament. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d, for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 426.

WHAT IRELAND WANTS	THOUSAND TO ONE	CHARLIE CHAPLIN	MAN FOR BRITAIN
HANDS OUT	CHEAP TO-DAY	WHEN WAGES FALL	ALWAYS A WINNER
WHILE DOLE LASTS	OUT OF ENGLAND	MY HAT	NUMBER ENGAGED
MODERN LOVER	PRETTY BARMAID	IN THE PARK	CHARGING TOO MUCH
A FAIRY TALE	ONLY A MEMORY	ONLY CHILD	LOVE AND HATE
POOR REFEREE	OUR WORST ENEMY	DOESN'T WORRY ME	GERMAN KID
A WOMAN'S JOB	DON'T FORGET	CUT PRICES	THE HOME TEAM
KICKING	THICK AND THIN	QUICK CHANGE ARTIST	WHEN WIFE'S NEAR
NIGHT AND MORNING	WISH I HAD	FINDING A CHAMPION	A GAMBLE
NOT BORN YET	MAKES MONEY GO	BONE TO PICK	BOY OR GIRL.

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 13th.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(426) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed_____

Address_____

☞ **If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.**

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 13th.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(426) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed_____

Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 426, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 13th.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(426) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed_____

Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 13th.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(426) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____

Address_____

BULLETS RULES | 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to John Bull and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted Coupons must not be mutilated

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 424th 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. ALBERT WESTAWAY, 42, Lyndhurst Road, Bath.

Example :—Still Wasting.
Bullet :—Get That Axe—"Sharp."

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. A. EARLE, Frog Street, Cannington, Bridgwater.

Example :—When to Drink.
Bullet :—Is Prohibited—Orgies Follow.
(Sent in on a free "Target" prize coupon.

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. E. FAITHAM, 32, Hugh Road, Small Heath. Birmingham

Example :—Flapper's Dress.
Bullet :—Suggests She's "Coming Out."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Miss E. I. Layzell, P.O. East Hill, Colchester: Land Of Dreams—Stage Till On It.

Miss W. Ritchie, 53, Winfrith Rd., Earlsfield, S.W.: Our Prime Minister—Finds "Irish Links" Trying.

Mr. W. J. Grundy, 44, Mornington Rd., Wanstead: The Limpets—Letters Posted On Saturday.

Mr. C. Patterson, 1A, Abbey Wood Road, S.E. 2: Won't Go Round—Fool Prefers Climbing Obstacles.

Mr. A Horne, 64, Tatham Street, Sunderland Knowing Maid—Safest In Hyde Park.

Mr. J. W. Clements, 91, Church Street, Marylebone: No Earthly Use—Smashing, Till Substitute's Available.

Mrs. Foreman, 8, William Road, Sutton, Surrey: The Limpets—Customers The Publicans Like.

Mr. J. Frost, 2, Myrtle Villas, Erith Rd., Bexley Heath: British Race—Once Shopkeepers—Now Customers.

Mr. W. H. Ganatt, 18, Buckingham St., Strand, W.C.: Next Year—Begins Now In Garden.

Miss Jean Dawson, 15, Logan Street, Glasgow, N.B.: Ladies And Gentlemen—Shareholders When Meeting Began.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mr. C. A. Leach, 16 Besom Lane, Millbrook, Stalybridge: A Misfit—Pomp And Present Circumstances.

Mr. J. Willard, 136, Horseferry Road, S.W. 1 Without A Husband—Depends "How She Looks."

Mr. J. A. Morrison, 57, Blackwater Rd., Eastbourne: Will Never Work—Walking Under Ambition's Ladder.

Mr. F. L. Lodge, 84, Vincent Road, Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich: On Business Lines—Shrewd German Keeps Conversation.

Mr. R. Baker, 18, Highbury Park, N. 5: Mother's Advice—Don't Sniff, Take It.

Mr. T. Spence, 20, Regent Park Terrace, Headingley, Leeds: Fair Chance—For Intelligent Election Slogan.

Mrs. M. A. Gibson, Post Office, Sneinton Road Nottingham: Job To Find—Butcher Who "Slaughters" Prices.

Mr. R. W. Ross, 39, Manley Street Hr. Broughton, Manchester: A Misfit—Usually "Goes Cheap" Afterwards.

Mr. A. Nuttall, 14, Rayner Road, Brighouse Yorks: Stolen Sweets—Seldom Worth "What Follows."

Mr. R. Little, 3, The Grove Herne Bay Kent Surplus Women—"Train" Don't "Ship" Them.

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS ?

THE

JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ...	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment, up to...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 15 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

October 8, 1921.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found below, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM
Which must be posted to—
John Bull INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of John Bull with

..... Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, ... myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home Address .....

October 8, 1921. .....

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

THE BIGGEST ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE

£1,000 MUST BE WON for ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £1,000 **MUST BE WON.** This is the **BIGGEST ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.**

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. Scottish and Irish readers can compete. Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

ONLY TEN RESULTS! ONE-WEEK COMPETITION ONLY TEN RESULTS!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from papers announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 (one thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given, or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than **Thursday, Oct. 13th,** will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Sunday Illustrated" and "Sunday Evening Telegram."

Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: **Football Competition No. 8, "JOHN BULL," 23, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. 2.** Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Football Competition No. 5 appears on page 7.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Closing Date, Thursday, October 13th.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Arsenal	v.	Sunderland			
Manchester U.	v.	Tottenham H.			
Blackburn R.	v.	Everton			
Sheffield U.	v.	Burnley			
Blackpool	v.	Notts C.			
Coventry C.	v.	Barnsley			
South Shields	v.	Leeds U.			
Charlton A.	v.	Aberdare A.			
Fulham	v.	Crystal Palace			
Southend U.	v.	Millwall			

Coupons must be cut—not torn out.

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

(8) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

GET IT NOW

Send a post-card now for H. Samuel's FREE BOOK of Bargains in Jewellery, Watches and Plate, at FACTORY PRICES with list of splendid FREE PRIZES for all buyers.

Fine lustrous Diamonds 35/- NICKEL WRIST WATCH. Jewelled movement, accurate timekeeper dust & damp proof, 10/- FULL MONTH'S TRIAL any article.

H. SAMUEL 103, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

H.SAMUEL, LTD.

CLARNICO

CLARNICO FUNS, No. 2.

What did you say to Ophelia?

Ophelia who?

Oh fill y'pockets with Clarnico Caramels

CLARNICO CARAMELS are sold in small boxes to avoid handling; or loose by weight as you may prefer.

Clarnico Cream Caramels - 8d. ½ lb.
Clarnico Lily „ - 9d. ½ lb.
Clarnico Chocolate-Lily „ - 10d. ½ lb.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.

CLARNICO

£100 for 36 words

Ask your Draper about

Newey's CASH PRIZE COMPETITION

All you have to do is to write a few Sentences about

NEWEY'S SNAP FASTENERS.
NEWEY'S HOOKS AND EYES.
NEWEY'S HAIRPINS.
All British Productions.

£200 CASH PRIZES IN ALL

If unable to obtain full particulars and entry form from your Draper write direct to

Newey Bros. Ltd., 127 Brearley St., Birmingham.

Should a Parent Tell?

FREE information, literature and advice concerning the dangers of Venereal Disease can be obtained from the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 34a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects). 1/3 post free.

Provide for Yourself and Your Family by taking out an Endowment Policy with the

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,

6, Paul Street, FINSBURY, E.C.2.

Managing Director: LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

Write for particulars NOW.

BE A BRILLIANT PIANIST.

Without drudgery, Fatigue or Years of study. The System Written and Conducted by a MUSICIAN. Wonderful results have been obtained by my method. Don't waste a moment. Send a postcard once for particulars of FREE Keyboard Diagram and my booklet. "Training v. Teaching. Diploma given. Please state if Mr., Mrs. or Miss. R. WEEKS-HIGGINS, F.R.C.O., L.Mus., T.C.L., 7, Oak House, Parkhurst Road, London, N.7.

Make your feet feel young.

Light—Durable—Resilient.

SUSSEX

RUBBER SOLES & HEELS

Sold at all Shoe Shops.

Manufacturers: SUSSEX RUBBER CO., London, E. (Makers of the Famous "Waterloo" Heels & Tips).

GRAVES

GRAMOPHONES—The World's Best

Positively unrivalled in tone-quality and the very essence of dependability. Built throughout with infinite care and precision, and finished with unsurpassed excellence. Powerful, silent running Motor, beautifully polished Oak Cabinet with tasteful Art Metal Panel. Handsomely decorated Soundhorn, Nickel-plated Fittings, Natural Tone Sound Box, etc.

10/ NOW.

DELIVERED carriage paid with 12 magnificent Ten-inch selections for 10/- with order. If satisfied the balance is payable in 10 monthly payments of 10/- Money back if disappointed.

Catalogue Post Free. Write for list of new models. Easy Terms of Payment.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

No 1 on Tuesday

The first REAL newspaper for Boys

HERE, at last, is a *real* newspaper specially written for Boys. The "Boy's Pictorial" is packed with wonderful photographs, vivid news, and absorbing articles written by explorers, sportsmen and popular heroes.

Among the special outstanding features in No. 1 are :—

"My Search for Lost Islands."
By *SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON.*

An Exclusive Interview with
CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

An Article by the Boxer who is meeting Carpentier in London—*COOK, the Australian Heavyweigh*

Every boy should make a point of getting No. 1 and reading the opening chapters of the amazing mystery story entitled "THE TERROR OF RED CITY"; also the first of a series of thrilling aerial exploits of "DICK OF THE AERIAL TRAIL."

There will be a tremendous demand for the first number. Don't leave it to chance—Get your copy early

Don't miss No. 1.
Out Tuesday, Oct. 11.

Boy's Pictorial

Every Tuesday——2D

Proprietors : Odhams Press Ltd.

A few of the SUPERB GIFTS given in exchange for front panels of

Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes

10 for 6D

Hallmarked Plated Safety Razor, complete in box. A really serviceable razor equal to any in the market. 100 panels of the 10 for 6d. size or their equivalent.

Safety Razor Blades. 5 in a box for 50 panels. 10 for 6d. size or their equivalent. Hollow ground. British manufacture.

"Arcadian" Cigarette Holder. 100 panels of 10 for 6d. size or their equivalent.

A New Invention

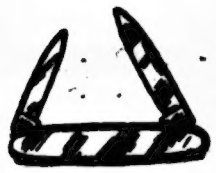
You can smoke your cigarette right to the very end and there will be no difficulty in ejecting the end. Just press the top of mouthpiece and end will fall out. No pin or knife blade required.

Shaving Stick.

60 panels. 10 for 6d. size or their equivalent.

"Cadena" Brush with the cocoa-butter centre.

Cigarette Case, beautifully finished in black enamel, with gilt interior, holds 16 cigarettes. 125 panels of the 6d. size or their equivalent.



Pen Knife.

Two Blades.

75 panels. 10 for 6d. size or their equivalent.

Pocket Folding Scissors.

20 panels. 10 for 6d. size or their equivalent.

Shaving Mirror, with adjustable back.

100 panels of 10 for 6d. size or their equivalent.

The profits of the gigantic Tobacco Trust last year amounted to £3,749,451 16s. 2d.—all made out of you who smoke their products. We are dividing our profits with you in the shape of these gifts at the same time giving you the best Virginia Cigarette at the price that money can buy. Try Black Cat Cigarettes a few times until you get accustomed to their superior fragrance and flavour. Most tobacconists—and they are good judges—smoke "Black Cat."

THE CIGARETTE HABIT.

Many men call for a particular brand of Cigarette simply because they are used to it, without realising that another at the same price may be infinitely better in quality of tobacco and paper, better and firmer made and greater in value.

Keen buyers, including most tobacconists, know that at 10 for 6d. there is no Virginia Cigarette to compare with "Black Cats." A very few packets will accustom the smoker to their superior fragrance and flavour.

Send for FREE CATALOGUE

containing about 100 illustrations of free gifts for men, women and children sent post free on application.

CARRERAS LTD., Dept. J.B., City Road, London, E.C.

GRAVES
SHEFFIELD CUTLERY

Service, supplied direct from the factory to the buyer, 56 pieces comprising the "service" of unrivalled quality, handsomely appearance, perfect finish and unbeatable reputation.

We Deliver the full 56-piece Service without usual carriage paid to any part of the U.K. upon receipt of Postal Order for 6/6 with order. Balance in 9 monthly payments of 6/6 if entirely satisfied. Money refunded if, for any reason, not entirely satisfied.

6/6 With Order

The Service consists of :—
6 Table Knives
6 Table Forks
6 Dessert Knives
6 Dessert Forks
6 Dessert Spoons
6 Tea Spoons
1 Silver Sugar Shell
1 Silver Butter Knife
1 Silver Pickle Fork

Illustrated circular sent free.

The Mystery of Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

ROMANCE OF A GREAT NERVE MEDICINE.

Huge Manchester Laboratory Working for the World's Health

The solution of the mystery which daily experience associates with the wonderful successes of Dr. Cassell's Tablets would require the telling of a romantic story of prodigiously detailed and faithful research. For the glamour surrounding the name has been earned with fidelity—it is the legitimate reward of unflagging energy, resource, and talent. The formula which proves its golden value in the treatment of nervous ailments has superseded all the old specifics. This is because of the remarkable combination of medicaments which it contains, and also because the medicinal ingredients are pure, unadulterated, and of the highest quality. The laboratory in which Dr. Cassell's Tablets are compounded is the most expensively and completely equipped of its kind, and within its precincts scrupulous hygiene is the keynote. The success, then, which all the world acknowledges, is no longer a mystery when these factors are considered, and Dr. Cassell's Tablets deserve to be exalted to the same high plane as that occupied by any other boon which scientific research has conferred upon mankind.

There can be no question of the efficacy of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in such ailments as sleeplessness, overstrain, brain fag, neurasthenia, neuritis, the run-down conditions, anæmia, indigestion, kidney complaints, and children's weakness. The spontaneous gratitude of thousands of users has supplied overwhelming testimony of their value.

There is no secrecy about the manufacture of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Daily the splendid laboratory of the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Chester Road, Manchester, is thrown open to visitors. The tablets themselves cost 1s. 3d. and 3s. per box at all chemists. [Advt.

Buy your

FURS

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AND

make certain of BEST POSSIBLE VALUE FOR MONEY.

The finest selection in London to choose from. Elegant Model Fur Coats, beautiful Fur Scales and Wraps all at WHOLESALE PRICES and of guaranteed quality. *Call or write.*

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO.,
148, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.
(Showrooms : First floor.)

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